POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

——— ——— *Liberius ſi*
Dixero quid, ſeu forte jocaſius, hoc mihi, jure,
Cum veniâ dabis.

HOR.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

POEMS

ON

Several OCCASIONS.

To CLOE,

Covering her Neck, with an Indian *Handkerchief.*

O! Let not, at your Lover's Coft,
O! *Cloe*, let not *India* boaft,
That, with new Luftre, fhe can deck
The Native Beauties of your Neck:
Whate'er is pretty, may be feen
Underneath that gaudy Skreen;

Where the World, in Type, appears,
Lovely, Lucid Hemiſpheres,
The World! of all my Hopes and Fears;
Where Azure Lines a-croſs do ſtray,
And wanton, in their Milky-way;
And where, my Eyes could, ever, rove,
And look, and long, and feed on Love.

Fooliſh *India!* ſend no more
Faint and languid Colours o'er;
Paintings! brighter, livelier, far,
Nature's Pencil, has drawn, here:
All the Glories of the Eaſt,
Crowded are, in *Cloe's* Breaſt.
Aurora, when we ſee her riſe,
And ſtreak, with Red, the dawning Skies,
Does a Bluſh, leſs beauteous, wear,
Than that Maiden-Colour, here;
Which oft, thro' Modeſty, is ſeen,
Never from a Guilt within.

Whoſe roſy Colours ne'er return,
But I, with equal Ardour, burn.

In Pity, O! ye Stars, incline
To warm my *Cloe's* Breaſt, like mine.
But fly, thou dull and envious Cover,
And relieve the wiſhing Lover.
When my Eyes no more can trace
The dazling Luſtre of her Face,
Her ſnowy Neck they may explore,
And ſafely range its Beauties o'er.

To BELINDA, *Singing.*

I.

CHARM'D with *Belinda*'s Voice and Wit,
I ask'd *Apollo*'s Aid,
That I might ſing, in Numbers fit,
Th' Harmonious, Heav'nly Maid.

II.

Unleſs, ſaid He, She form the Song,
Unleſs She ſing the Strain,
The Senſe, the Muſic of her Tongue,
Muſt undeſcrib'd remain.

AMphora plena! mei Titulo res digna Sepulchri:
Hujus ero vivus, mortuus hujus ero.

THUS said *Kingstone*, When I die,
Write me a Liquid Elegy:
Write,
Here lies One, who thought no Harm in
A large, capacious *Bellar-min:*
But chose it for his Urn, to lie in;
Thirsty Living, Thirsty Dying.

On Mr. Welfted's *preſenting his* Ode *on the Duke of* Marlborough's *Apoplexy, to a Celebrated* Toaſt.

IF, thus, the Tuneful Bard his Voice can raiſe,
When *England*'s MARS, *expiring*, damps his Lays,
How! could he ſing, and in what rapturous Rhimes
Deſcribe the *Living* VENUS of our Times?

The ROVER *Fix'd.*

I.

CLOE! Your Sovereign Charms, I own;
I feel the fatal Smart;
The Glory, YOU can boaſt, alone,
To fix my wand'ring Heart.

II. Your

II.

Your beauteous Sex, with various Grace,
My Paſſions, oft, have mov'd;
And now a Shape, and then a Face,
As Fancy led, I lov'd.

III.

So, does the Vagrant Bee explore
Each Sweet, that Nature yields;
Lightly, ſhe skims from Flow'r, to Flo'wr,
And ranges all the Fields.

IV.

But! You have found the cruel Art
To cure my Roving Mind;
Each Female Beauty You impart;
Your Sex, in *One*, combin'd.

V.

My Eyes diſcloſe my ſecret Pain;
My conſtant Sighs diſcover,
Tho' in deep Silence I remain,
That I am *Cloe*'s Lover.

VI.

Irkſome, I paſs the Hours away,
When baniſh'd from your Sight;
I languiſh all the live-long Day;
And all the wakeful Night.

VII.

Tell me, ye Learn'd, who ſtudy much
The Nature of Mankind;
Why, if I think, or look, or touch,
If ſhe be coy, or kind;

VIII.

I feel my Boſom, ſtrangely, move,
Quick Throbbings ſeize my Breaſt?
All, that I know, is, *That I Love*:
Do You explain the reſt.

To Jacynta, *Lamenting at* Cloe's Small-Pox.

I.

NO more, no more, *Jacynta*, ſay,
That *Cloe*'s former Face;
Each Heavenly Beauty did diſplay,
And every pleaſing Grace.

II.

The *Half* of what remains to her,
Or, *All*, you ſay, is loſt;

Thee,

Thee, O *Jacynta*, would prefer
To be a First-rate Toaſt.

III.

Then thy ill-natur'd Pity ſpare,
Nor *Cloe*'s Fate regret;
For *Cloe* is divinely Fair,
And muſt be Envied yet.

IV.

Were ſhe an *Angel* heretofore,
As you'd be underſtood;
Yet, I'm contented, I'll be ſwore,
With this ſame Fleſh and Blood.

NEPTUNE *to* ÆOLUS.

On the STORM *in* 1704.

CEase, angry God, your Noise and Fury cease,
And hush your Winds, in one eternal Peace:
Let 'em, in languid Murmurs, gently moan,
And be the *Eccho* of themselves alone.

And Thou, rude, boist'rous Deity, retire;
To Rocks and Desarts lead your blust'ring Choir;
There vent your Rage, there fret and rave in vain,
But never more presume to vex the Main.
Unless, in Quiet, I enjoy my Crown,
Your spongy Caverns, and your Court, I'll drown.

When

When *Britain*, Dear to me, ſent forth her Fleet,
With ſwelling Sails, *Iberia*'s King to meet,
I bid my Waves, in gentleſt Motion, glide;
And *Nymphs* and *Tritons*, ſporting, calm'd the Tide.
When, lo! your Winds, with maddeſt Fury hurl'd,
Ruffled the proudeſt *Iſland* of the World;
Half of my Realm, on which, I did beſtow,
Anna! to Rule Above, and I Below.

Their well-built Ships, which bounding o'er the Tide,
In every diſtant Sea, could, ſafely, ride;
Untaught to Strike to any Foe, but You,
Yield to the Tempeſt, and Themſelves ſubdue.
The valiant Chief, who on the Hoſtile Coaſt,
With Glorious Danger, had been, often, toſt,
Grieves, in his Native Harbour, to be loſt.
Grieves! tho' well anchor'd, in his fought-for Shore,
His Grave to find, which, was his Home, before.

O!

O! you had heard the Cries, the moving Pray'rs,
Hadn't your own Noise stopt up your deafen'd Ears;
The wildest Savage I command, could say,
Hippotades more savage was than they;
For, as they eat, they soften'd with their Food,
And felt Compassion, while they fill'd with Blood.

My Waves, amaz'd, I saw transfus'd from Green,
To the deep Die, which cloath'd the *Tyrian* Queen;
While *Albion*'s chalky Cliffs, confess'd, in Red,
Their Shame, and blush'd to see the mighty Dead.

Accurs'ed *Lewis!* he has brib'd at Land,
And shall his Treachery at *Sea* command?

Begone, thou mercenary God, begone,
Retire, asham'd, repent the Ills you've done;
While I descend to my astonish'd Court,
Where *Tritons*, and where tuneful *Nymphs* resort;

Where,

Where, bath'd in Tears, on *Coral* Beds they ſit,
And to the mournful Theme, their Numbers fit;
Prepar'd the Wrongs of *Britain* to relate,
And ſhew, how much the Winds and Thee they hate.

AN

EPITAPH

Upon His GRACE

John Duke of *Marlborough:*

WHO

Was Reported to have Died in *Antwerp*, *July* 19. 1714.

Extinctus amabitur Idem.

IN Hopes of an Happy Resurrection,

Here lies the Body of

JOHN,

DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH*,

Whose

Whoſe Soul,
Above Mortality now,
Out of the Power of *Envy*,
Or
Ingratitude,
Enjoys the Happieſt Stations of *Elyſium*.
Where,
Alexander, *Cæſar*, *Cato*,
Admire,
Revere,
Adore,
The Braveſt *General*, the Firmeſt *Patriot*.
Where,
Nor Cowardice, nor Treachery, —
Vain Glory, Vain Ambition,
A fordid Thirſt for Riches,
A reſtleſs Aim at Greatneſs,
Or ſtudied Popularity and Noiſe:
Where,
No Baſe *Betrayer* of his *Prince's Weakneſs*,

No Sycophant,
No ſervile Courtier of th' inconſtant Croud,
(Who, whom they raiſe, pull down;)
Where,
None that ſerves his *Country*'s *Enemy*,
To build his Private Int'reſt,
On that *Country*'s Ruin;
Who truſts his *Foe*, deſerts his *Friend*,
Dare ſhew his hated Head.

Stop, *Traveller*,
Here are the poor Remains
Of
GENERAL *CHURCHILL*:
His Country's *Glory*, and his Country's *Shame!*
Who,
Having inlarg'd her *Credit*, far Abroad,
In conquering Armies, and victorious Troops,
nd having, well, ſecur'd her Peace, at Home,
Was, firſt, *Rewarded*;

Then,
Envy'd,
Injur'd,
Baniſh'd.

Happy *Antwerp*!
To whoſe antient Walls each Foreigner,
From both the *Indies*, and from either *Pole*,
In future Times will come,
To Read and Wonder:
To Learn,
How Changeable is every Mortal's Fate;
How certain Death.
Then value not Thy-ſelf, vain Man!
Although poſſeſt
Of Youth or Beauty, Riches, Glory,
Since all that's Valuable could not ſave
Great *Marlborough* from *Antwerp*, and the Grave
And all thy Gifts,
Whether of Body, Fortune, or of Mind,

Will not continue thee *Thyſelf* for Ever.
Whether thou'rt renown'd
For *Military* Feats,
In glorious Fields, in proſperous Campaigns;
For Troops Couragiouſly led on, and ſoon
Victoriouſly led off:
Whether thou'rt renown'd
For bravely ſtorming, with a daring Hand,
The well-wall'd Citadel and Rampart
Of *Flanders'* ſtrongeſt Towns:
Or, whether thou haſt purchas'd *Fame*,
In diſtant Courts, and Camps, and Palaces,
For being skill'd in *Counſel* deep and dark,
And underſtanding well
The many *mazy* Wiles and Turns of State.
For,
Little it avails;
(Read *Marlborough's* Fate!)
Little,
To have known the diff'rent Intereſts

Of neighb'ring and of distant Nations:
Little, to have known
The truest Int'rest of our *Native Land*,
And to have fix'd it neareſt to his Heart:
Little it avails
To have advanc'd moſt *Glorious* Terms of Peace
To have directed a moſt *Glorious War*;
T' have been the *Darling* of his Prince;
T' have had the *Heart* of every Fellow-Subject
Of *mitred* Flamens, and of *well-rob'd* Prieſts;
Of *furr'd* Patricians, and *plain* Senators;
Of plainer, poor Plebeians:
For Time and Chance,
Death and Diſgrace,
Happens, alas! to All.
The Stout, the Coward, to the Wiſe, the Fool
The Juſt, the Knave;
The Honeſt *Lover* of his Country;
The *VILLAIN* that betrays it.
But, oh! Heav'n, may *that Man*

Live curs'd and hated long;
Live, in unuſual Diſgrace,
With pungent Mind, and painful Body:
nd if he roſe in *Haſte*, in *Haſte* too may he *fall*.

Happy *Antwerp!*
Bleſs'd with the laſt Retirements of the Great,
The Glorious *MARLBOROUGH:*
More *ſplendid*, and more honourable Here,
Than when he ſhin'd in Ermin, or in Armour.

Who,
Having obtain'd a Name,
Amongſt the moſt illuſtrious Mortals;
The antient Demi Gods, and preſent Heroes;
A Name!
Eſteem'd where-ever *Phœbus* gilds the Day,
Thro' th' habitable Earth:
Having ſecur'd from *French*
And *Popiſh Power*
The happy Realms of *Britain*,

By *Britiſh* Arms, and thoſe, of firm *Allies*:
Having,
By Glorious Marches, Sieges, Battles,
(Still *Victorious*)
Reliev'd the *Empire*, conquer'd *France*,
Made *Flanders* ſmile, *Holland* rejoice,
Tyrants tremble;
And,
A certain *Aſcititious* Prince deſpair:
Full of Years,
With *Honours* loaden,
Withdrew into thy peaceful Walls, in Quiet
To contemplate
Th' *Herculean* Labours of his buſie Life;
(Chiefly imploy'd for *England*'s Good)
To contemplate
Such *Glories*, purchas'd by a *ſingle* Man,
In *few* Years ſpace,
As, a whole Race of Worthies might attempt,
With *leſs* Succeſs, in many Ages.

Happ

Happy *Antwerp!*
Blest with the last Remains
Of that Great Man, who once protected Thee,
Secure from Tyranny.
Not all thy stately Buildings,
Not Temples (*Antwerp*'s Pride)
Not
That *happy* Situation,
To which the Elements do *All* consspire
To make thee still frequented, ever *lov'd*;
Not all thy Riches, Plenty, Power,
Learning, *Arts*, and Sciences;
So *true* an *Ornament* to Thee do prove,
As *MARLBOROUGH*'s Presence,
When Alive,
His Monument,
Now *Dead*.
Envy us, *England!*
And act, as *often* thou hast done,

Neglect thy *Heroes*, and thy *Benefactors*;
Disgrace Them,
But,
Lament and Honour them, when 'tis too late.

Speak *Citizens*,
What *Shrines*, what *Arches*,
What *Mauſoleum* ſhall we raiſe
For *Marlborough*'s Glory and our own?
The *Graver*'s Art will periſh,
The *Painter*'s fade:
Time conquers *Trophies*,
And levels
Beſt rais'd *Triumphal Pillars* to the Ground.
'Tis the *Poet*,
The *Muſe*, muſt make *Him* live;
For, *She*, that ne'er can die,
Alone, an *Immortality* can give,

Descend, *Apollo*, then,
And all ye Heav'nly Choir,
Which round *Parnassus* dwell;
Inspire,
Assist;
Whilst every Son of *Art*,
And Rev'rend *Bard*, who treads on *Antwerp*'s Plains,
And walks, and sings, and loves, and rhimes,
And courts the *Umbra* of its Groves,
Along the *Banks* of many warbling Streams;
Summons all his *Fire*;
Strongest *Judgment*, brightest *Wit*,
Liveliest *Fancy*, justest *Measure*,
To eternize *Themselves*, their *Verse*,
And
MARLBOROUGH.
Methinks! I see a noble *Iliad* rise;
Virgil's invok'd, *Statius* and *Lucan* read,

And

And ev'ry *Flandrian* Muſe aſpires to be
A STEELE, an ADDISON!
Strange!
How the lab'ring *Genius* works the Brain,
To *rout* the *French* on fam'd *Ramillies* Plain:
How! many Poets *gain* that *glorious* Day?
Here *One*,
With his All-conquering Pen,
Forces the *Lines*, by *Stratagem*; once paſs'd,
Maintain'd by *Courage*,
And *writes* (as *Marlborough fought*) an *Army* down.
Tropes, Figures, Similes ingage the Troops,
Sweep all the *Plain*,
And *level* ſtrongeſt Bulwarks to the Ground.
Another,
With *Pegaſean* Speed, from *Flanders*,
Denmark, *Pruſſia*, *Thule*'s ſelf,
Boſts whole *Battalia*'s, ſwift, to *Germany*.
How! does the *Boian* Prince

(Re-

(Rewarded *Rebel* now)
Tremble in Verse Heroic? How! the Fate
Of the great *Empire*, dubious, nod;
'Till *Marlborough* gives the *Word?*
Then *Baden* marches, *Eugene* fights,
Schellenberg's pass'd, *Hotster* won,
The *Empire* free, *Tallard* a Captive,
An *ARMY PRISONERS.*

Attend y' *inspir'd* Souls,
Who *Numbers* love, and the just *Force* of Verse;
Applaud, encourage;
And, in immortal *Lines*, employ
Your best *Invention*, *Diction*, *Phrase*,
In *proud* Heroic, *humble* Elegy,
In *bold* Alcaic, *softer* Saphic,
To sing the mighty, endless Deeds
Of
MARLBOROUGH.
What a *noble Subject* must HE choose,

Who

Who takes him *Infant* first, into his Care,
Then writes him full-grown *Youth?*
What *Words*, what *Images*,
Will *this* happy *Poet* find
T'expreſs his beauteous Body, beauteous Mind?
(Strong Promiſes of *future Greatneſs.*)
See! in the *Boy* he reads the *Man*,
And, without *Prophecy*, foretels
The *Politician*, *Patriot*, *General*, yet to come.
Whoſe *Genius*, now, out-runs his *Years*,
And renders him the *King*'s, the *Court*'s Delight:
Their preſent *Admiration*, future *Hope*.
How greatly too, is *HE* employ'd,
Who, his *maturer Years* deſcribes,
And finds the *Hero* in *full* Bloom?
Bending his *Thoughts* and *Actions*,
All, to his Country's Good.
Who leads him, with Succeſs,
To many Prince's Favours;
With *Him* Great *WILLIAM*'s Reign adorns;

With *Him* embelliſhes SIX Glorious Years
Of Greater A N N.
What *Poet*, now, is equal to the Task?
What *ſingle* Genius dare attempt
The *Praiſes*, which are due to
MARLBOROUGH?
See! they divide the Theme.
One ſings
His *noble* Race, *Equeſtrian* Family;
By *War's* Atchievements,
Ripen'd into *Princely Titles*, Honours, Riches.
Another ſings his *Princely Conſort*,
And a beautiful *Deſcent*,
Even of *Goddeſſes*, in *Mortal* Line.

Behold!
Ierne, *here*, rejoicing drawn
At *Marlborough*'s Arrival on its Shore;
Towns ſurrendring! Battles won!
The *French*, the *Native Iriſh*, forc'd to fly,

And

And *Popery*,
And *Slav'ry* baniſh'd from the happy Coaſt.

There!
Another Poet makes him ſhine
In *WILLIAM*'s *Council* at *Auguſta*;
And *Another*
In *WILLIAM*'s *Wars*, in *Flanders*:
WILLIAM!
The *Good Genius* of the *Britiſh* Iſles:
Aſſertor of our Liberty:
Defender of our Laws:
Protector of our Religion:
Reſtorer of them All.

WILLIAM! and MARLBOROUGH!
For ever, BOTH employ'd
Our Peace and Safety to ſecure,
And to *tranſmit* our Crown
To *ANNA*, glorious.

ANNAH

Though *last*, yet not *least Fortunate*
Of the fam'd *STUART* Line.

Another,

A melancholy *Bard*,
On *NASSAU*'s Death,
Thus makes th' *illustrious* Monarch speak his last;
With earnest *Eyes*, and *Forte* of Voice,
Impressing *HANOVER*
Upon his *Royal* Sister's Heart.

ANNA, *my Sister*, *my* Belov'd:
The Cause,
With which Heav'n warm'd *my Breast*:
For which I left my native Land,
To render This *a Guardianship to* That,
And That *to* This:
To join in strict Alliance, Friendship, Love,
The Dutch *and* British *People*:

Best!

Beſt! *Security*
'*Gainſt* France's lawleſs *Power*;
'*Gainſt* Popery *and* Slavery *at* Home.
That Good Cauſe, which thy Sire
Had made deplorable *and wretched*;
By introducing Politicks *in* State,
And Worſhip in Religion,
Foreign *and deſtructive to our Iſle*;
Retriev'd *by* Me!
Fate *has determin'd*
By Thee *to* Finiſh.
Thou ſhalt riſe,
In Glory *high*:
Victories ſtrange!
Thy Reign ſhall grace:
France *ſhall be humbled*, Lewis *ſeek for* Peace.
But remember, remember *well, my Siſter*:
Take CHURCHILL *to thy Heart*;
Let Him *command thy Arms, Abroad*;
Adviſe *at Home*;

'Tis He muſt draw my *Sword:*
No Subject, *leſs than* HE,
Shall e'er command the Belgian *Troops,*
And thoſe of numerous Allies;
No, Briton, *when* He's *gone.*

I ſee! I ſee the CONQUEROR:
om Flanders, France, *the* Rhine, *the* Maes, *the* Scheld,
Victorious, *to the very* Iſter.
To Audenard, *to* Mons, *he makes his Way,*
But, oh! Blaregnies *is the greater Name.*
Tournay *ſurrenders,* Liſle *ſubmits,*
Doway *yields, ev'n* Bouchain's *taken,*
And Paris —— *With that his Spirit ſunk,*
Juſt able, with his lateſt Breath, to ſay,
Paris, — Pretender.

The THAMES *Frozen.*

WHere gentle *Thames*, in murmuring Stream
Hills rise of Ice, and Mountains stand of Snow [did flo
The Nymph, who late, with Sculler, wafted o'er
To *Cupid*'s Arbours, and the am'rous Shore,
Ogling from Wave to Wave, from Coast to Coa
And proudly sailing, like a First-rate Toast:
Or she, who scattering Darts, around, command
The Oars to make *Spring-Garden*'s happy Lands;
Her Face her Fortune, and her Fare her Store,
Trusting to secret Arts to furnish more;
Now Scot-free roves, but would, to make her Wa
In warmer Weather, double Taxes pay.

Th

The bulky Veſſel, whoſe large, convex Side,
aves the ſublimeſt Surges of the Tide,
oud with its ſpreading Sails, and Length of Oar,
etching and heard, at once, from Shore to Shore,
eglected lies, an uſeleſs Heap of Wood,
here, once, in Beauty and Repute, it ſtood.

Here ſoft, balſamick Ale, there *Rheniſh* flows;
re Bohea-Tea, and there Tobacco grows:
one Place you may meet good *Cheſhire* Cheeſe;
d in another, Whiteſt *Brentford* Peaſe.
re is King *George*'s Picture, there Queen *Ann*'s;
w nut-brown Beer in Cups, and now in Cans.
e ſells an *Oxford*-Dram, as good as can be,
nother offers General *Pepper*'s Brandy.

The Sculler, who, not long ſince, pull'd for Life,
d tugg'd to merit or maintain a Wife;
s Boat a Booth; now fixes his Abode
the proud Billow, where, ſo late, he row'd;

Content, with Cap in Hand, to beg and flatter
He knows, the ſawcy Freedoms of the Water,
In *Icy* Seaſons are no Jeſting Matter.

Lo! there a ſleek *Venetian* Envoy walks,
And there an Alderman, more proudly, ſtalks;
There goes the *French* Ambaſſador; that's He:
And there is Honeſt 'Squire and Captain *Lee*.
Here's *Rue St. Jaque*, and yonder is the *Strand*;
In this Place *Noyer* plies; that's *Lintott*'s Stand.

But who's here ſhining on the frigid *Thames*?
Stop, ſtop, ye amorous Souls, I'll tell their Nam
The firſt is *Sunderland*, O matchleſs Face!
From *Marlb'rough* is deriv'd that blooming Grace,
With which ſhe warms this happy, frozen Place
The next is *Balladine*, like Lilies fair;
Lapelle the next, each youthful Lover's Care.

Tho

Thou! beauteous River *Thames*, whose standing [Tide,
uals the Glories of thy flowing Pride!
e City, yea, the World's transferr'd to Thee;
'd as the Land, and richer than the Sea.
e various Metals Nature does produce,
Art improve, for Ornament, or Use,
om the Earth's deepest Bowels brought, are made
shine on Thee, and carry on the Trade.
illeaum, renown'd for making Silver pass
ro' various Forms, and *Sparks*, as fam'd for Brass;
d *T*——, 'tween God and Gold who ne'er stood [Neuter,
d trusty *Nicholson*, who lives by Pewter;
er their Doors, affix'd their well-known Names,
d wrote, beneath, *Remov'd into the* Thames.
e wealthy Banker, who ne'er view'd the Sea,
Ports most distant, dates his Bills from Thee:
hile all the Silks and Sattens of the East,
ream, gawdy, up and down thy frozen Waste.

But, Oh! remember, when a kinder Sun
Shall looſe thee from thy Shore, and bid thee run
To let each diſtant Stream and Nation know
The Bleſſings of the Land thro' which you flow.
Tell 'em, That all Things ſmile on *George*'s Reign
And Liberty her Temple rears again;
The Vertuous meet Reward, the Bad Diſgrace;
And Joy and Triumph dwell in ev'ry Face.

A PRO

A

PROLOGUE

ſign'd to have been ſent to a certain AUTHOR laſt *Winter*.

N Days of Old, when Nonſenſe was not Wit;
E'er Poems pleas'd, tho' not by Poets writ:
r Rules Dramatic out of Faſhion grew;
ilſt Truth and Nature ſtill were kept in View:
thoſe Days, *Prologues* were like Bills of Fare,
d did for Elegance to come, prepare.
r well-choſe Dainties they prepar'd the Gueſt;
d, often, were, Themſelves, a Thorough Feaſt.

Thoſe Days are over ——All that I can ſay,
(Who am a Modern) is, That this ſame Play
Had ne'er been writ, but for the Vile *South-Sea.*
The Author bids me tell you, He was under
A dire Neceſſity to Write or Plunder:
And, upon Thought mature, he judg'd it fit
T' adjourn the Highway-man, and ply the Wit.

He ſays, The *Pad* doth oft, with Danger, figh
The Man, whom, ſafely, he to Death could wri
Who, in the *Box*, when robb'd, accounts it Spor
Though, on the Road, he'd kill, or hang you for

Faith! this ſeems clinching Reaſoning, and true
In Pity, therefore, Gentlemen, ſhould you,
Here (Two Nights hence) with Generous Intent
Let the poor Poet plunder, by Conſent;
And, ſince he cocks no Piſtol at your Breaſt,
Come, and Deliver, if you love a Jeſt;

pplaud or not, he ſwears, He's in no Pain;
is greateſt *Euge*, is a little Gain;
et him have this---then damn---you damn in vain.

As to the Characters, he here doth chuſe,
He ſays, He can th' Originals produce:
Take up the Cap who will, he ſtands the Strife;
He drew his Manners from the very Life.

And now, obſerve ſome Good in ev'ry Evil;
(Devotion's often owing to the Devil)
Directors, too, are good, this ſame Bad Way;
The Poet's pillag'd---. The People have a PLAY.

The TORIES *Overseen.*

To the Tune of, To you, Fair Ladies, now at Land. 1715.

YE silly *Tories*, now, give Ear,
To what, I shall advance;
Who, lately, without Wit, or Fear,
Your Measures took from *France*:
But who, might, now, have Happy been,
(Were you not Fools) in your *own King*;
With a fa, la, la.

The like was never seen, before,
Since the first Fall of Man;
That *Jemmy* was not hasten'd o'er,
Before the Fall of *NAN*;

Since

nce She was, *thoroughly*, inclin'd,
nd sick of Body, sick of Mind:
With a fa, la, la.

our Schemes, I own, were, all, well laid,
You proper Measures took;
nd all that could be done, or said,
Was done, by *Hook or Crook*:
ut, tell me, with what Confidence,
ould you depend on *Providence*?
With a fa, la.

o doubt, we must conclude, on Sight,
And think, as you thought, then,
hat God's *Hereditary Right*
Can never fail with Men:
ut HE, you see, is well content
" explain this Right, by *Parliament*;
With a fa, la.

And

And now, ſuppoſe, as you have done,
In all your Acts, of late,
That *Providence* was *Neuter* grown,
And left us, *Tête a Tête*;
Yet, I'll be hang'd, if mortal Men
E'er did, or will do thus, again; *With a fa, la.*

For, when the Premiſes were laid,
With all your Main and Might;
Your-ſelves *expos'd*, your Friends *betray'd*,
And *France* in Heart and Plight:
THEN, not to hurry *Perkin* in;
O fie! the like was never ſeen; *With a fa, la.*

And yet, to lay this deep-laid Scene,
Four Kingdoms, fam'd in Story,
Imploy'd their wiſeſt, ableſt Men,
Both *Jacobite* and *Tory*;

Great

reat-Britain, France, and *Ireland,*
nd *Spain,* too, all join'd Hand in Hand;
With a fa, la.

Nay, *Robert Farley,* he was there,
Fam'd both for Wit and Sense,
ndow'd with ev'ry tricking Air,
With Politicks and Pence;
nd yet, as tho' it were not *He,*
The *Plot* it would not, could not *Gee*;
With a fa, la.

No, not tho' it was pushed on,
And, without any Thinking,
n Heat and Hurry by *St. John,*
Inflam'd with Love and Drinking;
Tho' these were for't, I say, 'tis clear,
That we have balk'd the *Chevalier*;
With a fa, la.

And

And now, to name ſome *Men of God*,
And many *Men of Sin*,
Who, all, ingag'd in Schemes, moſt odd,
To bring this *Youngſter* in;
I think it vain; but can't but laugh,
That *Ormond*'s Duke ſhould prove an *Oaf*;
With a fa, la.

Then! God preſerve our Brave King GEORGE,
And all his Royal Race;
And, may all thoſe, who dare to forge
A *Papiſt*, for His Place;
O! may all Men, who have ſuch Views,
O! may they die in *Wooden Shooes*;
With a fa, la.

The RAREE-SHOW;

r, *An* Explication *of the* Oxford Al-manack, 1716.

By Jeremiah Van Huſen, *a* German *Artiſt.*

MAſters! Behold, that pretty, little Boy,
Whom, early Pray'rs, for his Friends imploy;
e! who is plac'd, over-againſt thoſe *Scales*,
James the Third, ALIAS, The *Prince of Wales.*
r, ſay whate'er you will, about that Youth,
lieve me, Sirs, this is the *Naked Truth.*

That Figure, there, which leers on *Maſter*'s Face,
nd points to *Oxford*, Learn'd! and Loyal Place!
as puzzled much the Wiſe, to know, if *She*,
is Couſin, Nurſe, or elſe his Mother be;

But,

But, in this Search, I think, they all have miſs'd he
Depend upon't, that's put there for his *Siſter*.

That ſmiling Parſon, next, in *Camiſado*,
Is one, about whom, Men have made much *a-d*
Some call him *Chev'rel*, and ſome call him *Trapp*
But, I can tell you, howe'er that may hap,
Who thoſe three Perſons are, which ſtand behind hi
The Firſt is Doctor *Phipps*, *Gentlemen, mind him.*
The next is, or, may my End be a Rope,
That little, High-Church Rhimer, Poet *P* —
Or, that I may gueſs, a little, nigher,
Hang me, but it may happen to be *Pr* —
The hindmoſt! you may know him by his Air,
It is the thirſty, dry *Vice-Chancellor*.
See! how they all do promiſe, That the Rules,
Taught, in that *Theatre*, and in thoſe *Schools*,
Shall tend to ſtrengthen *His*, their *Sovereign*'s Rig
For whom, as they have *ſtudied*, ſo they'll *fight*.

The *Right* and *Center* paſt, the *Left* beware on;
e Firſt is *Ormond*, tho' ſome call him *Aaron*.
! how he points, as tho' that he would ſay,
is ſelf-ſame Loyal *Univerſity*,
ll place this *Crown*, in *Alma Mater*'s Hand,
on *That Infant*'s Head, if *I command*.
'sn't the *Scale*, by *Juſtice* held, incline
wards *him*, to ſhew, that he has *Right Divine*?
d, what elſe means this circled *Serpent*'s *Tail*,
t, that his *Kingly Race* ſhall *never fail*?
us *Ormond* ſpoke; but, you muſt know, they jeſt on
is *Propheſie*, ſince *Carpenter* took *Preſton*;
d curſe, in loudeſt Terms, ſince they've been croſt
[here,
eir Bully *Butler*, and their General *Forſter*.

ntlemen! *You're very Welcome*; *and, I hope, you're all well ſatisfy'd.*

Smoke the DOCTOR;

Or, *An Excellent New Ballad, called,* The School-Maſter of *Eton.*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

MY Maſters, and Friends, and good People, give
I'll ſing you a Song, moſt wonderful fine;
How the *Church,* when betray'd by a *Spiritual Peer,*
Was, bravely, maintain'd by'n *Inferior Divine*;
Andrew Snape, it is he,
That Reverend *D. D.*
Such a Snip-Snap Reſpondent, you never did ſee.
Oh! *Sn*—, thou deſerv'ſt to be whipt and be beaten,
By the dulleſt Boy, thou, e'er, whipp'dſt at *Eton.*

H. In

II.

In the Name, firſt, of Nonſenſe, what cou'd thee
'Gainſt *Bangor* to write, *without Capacity?* [poſſeſs, *p.* 3.
He, who, when but *Presbyter*, had ſuch Succeſs,
In pulling down one of the *Hierarchy?* *p.* 4.
For, ſince thou'rt not *He*,
And the *Biſhop*'s not *Thee*,
The ſame Thing can't hap, in this Con-tro-ver-ſy.
Oh! *Sn*——, then thou'ſt better to drudge at *In-Speech*,
Than a Rod to prepare, thus, for thine own *Breech*.

III.

Your *Modeſty*'s great, but your *Manners* are ſmall,
We allow, too, *Scant-Reaſon* cannot be prevailing:
But then you're inlighten'd with Rancour and Gall, *p.* 5.
And, inſtead of good Reading, inſtruct us with [Railing: *Ibid.*
Nay, your Impotent Rage,
At a Poor *Title-Page*,
Is the very *Prieſt-mark* of this *Prieſt-ridden* Age;
Oh! *Sn*——, is't thy Fury and Rage, in each Line,
That proves thy *Black-coat* to be *Jure-divine?*

IV.

You *think that you ſee*: But who ſees that you think?
For I muſt needs tell you, you're ſtupidly blind [p. 6
Nay, when you ſee moſt, you do no more than wink
For, the Truth, in the dark, you have ſtill left be[hind
And Father *Ben*'s *Sects*,
Of *Equal Subjects*,
Still, are Equal, for all, thou haſt puzl'd the Texts
Oh! *Sn*——, we allow of good *Proteſtant Rules*,
But will not be impos'd on by *High-flying Tools*.

V.

By his Lordſhip's own Tenets, you affirm you ar[e
To ſay what you pleaſe (even *bad Names* to call) [Free, p. 7
But you've more regard to your proper *Safety*,
And to his high Character E-piſ-co-pal:
Dear *Doctor*, well done,
Who would a Riſque run,
Tho' the *Biſhop* and all his *Clerks* cou'd be won?
Oh! *Sn*——, never meddle with *Schiſm* or *Sin*,
Unleſs you can ſafely ſleep in a *whole Skin*.

VI

VI.

ut, pray! read, once more, this moſt blundering
Wherein you reſolve to be free from all Harm; [Page,
ltho' it might hap that your Inner-ly Rage,
Might dictate, what, calls for the Secular Arm:
Well! we know, you don't dote,
Nor ſpeak this by Rote;
For you're ſure (by corrupting our Youth) of our
! *Sn*——, then ſpeak out, at thy natural Rate, [Vote;
nd reply to his *Lordſhip* in true *Billingſgate.*

VII.

he Book's at an End (the *Preface* being o'er)
For no Mortal can find one Argument in't;
ou Fret, you Harangue, you Scold, and you Rore;
And this is more fit for your *Pulpit*, than *Print*:
But you wou'd raiſe Fame,
From *BANGOR*'s great Name,
Altho' you have paid very dear for the ſame;
! *Sn*——, pray remember, then, *Milo*'s ſad End,
Work at Logs, ever after, thou art ſure thou canſt
[rend.

VIII.

To conclude; With thy Betters, ſince thou'ſt been
Thou canſt not take it ill, if I give thee Advice
Teach thy Boys *Roman-Latin*; but *Engliſh* Loyalty
And leave *Church* and *State* to People more Wiſe
Bid thy Friend *Jonah*, ſcrape
All theſe Books, in one Heap,
And burn them, for Love of his dear *Andrew Snape*
O! *Sn*——, there's no other way left to ſhun Shame
Unleſs You yourſelf increaſe your own Flame:
And then Men will cry,
Here a *Doctor* doth fry,
Who, in Flames, ever liv'd, and in Flames, too, di
A *Doctor!* who, Dying, full well brought to Light,
He knew *nothing*, whilſt Living, of what he did *write*

A N

O D E

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *CADOGAN.*

Scriberis Vario *Fortis & Hostium*
Victor.---------- Hor.

I.

HERO! sprung from Antient Blood!
CADOGAN, Valiant, Wise and Good!
What golden Lyre, what happy Muse,
To sing thy Praises, shall we chuse?

So great a Theme, ſo new a Song,
To *Welſted* only does belong,
Like *Ovid* ſoft is he, like *Flaccus* ſtrong.

II.

Vertues! that ſoar ſo high, demand
The Touches of a Maſter-Hand.
Love diſdain'd; on *Pindar*'s Wing,
Thee and Conqueſt he ſhall ſing;
To Times, unborn, tranſmit thy Praiſe,
On thy Laurels graft his Bays,
And with thy Triumphs ſwell his poliſh'd Lays.

III.

Whether, thy Deeds he, backward, trace,
With Atchievements paſt to grace
The numerous Ode, and bring anew
Fields, with Slaughter, ſtain'd, to view:
Part in MARLB'ROUGH ſhalt thou claim,
Next to MARLB'ROUGH riſe in Fame;
The Strain reſounds with each immortal Name.

IV

IV.

Whether, from a nearer Theme;
The tuneful Poet form his Scheme,
And court, with Skill, the raviſh'd Ear,
The Glories, which we ſee, to hear;
Glories unrivall'd! fit alone
By Wit unrivall'd to be ſhown,
By Harmony inſpir'd, and Numbers not his own!

V.

If glorious War his Fancy charms,
Thy Courage and thy Skill in Arms,
Thy brandiſh'd Steel, and ſpreading Wreath,
Bold and ſublime the Verſe ſhall breath;
If thy ſocial Life he ſhow,
Soft, the gentler Strain ſhall flow,
And every Line with Truth and Friendſhip glow.

VI.

Oh! Thou! whom even thy Foes approve,
Whom foreign Nations praiſe and love!
Darling of the *Britiſh* Court!
Thy Country's Boaſt, thy King's Support!
Diſtinguiſh'd Honours born to wear,
Fav'rite of the Bright and Fair,
The Soldiers Glory, and the Soldiers Care:

VII.

Could I boaſt thy vigorous Mind,
Thy ſprightly Wit and Judgment join'd;
Were all thoſe Arts and Graces mine,
Which make thy finiſh'd Merit ſhine:
Then, wou'd I raiſe the ſounding Strain,
Alarm, around, the liſt'ning Plain,
And with thy various Praiſe the Verſe ſuſtain.

VIII.

l paint Thee then, with matchleſs Art;
he cleareſt Head, the braveſt Heart;
oldly honeſt to adviſe;
leſt Effect of being Wiſe!
Ever prompt thy Aid to lend:
Swift thy Country to defend:
nd doom'd th' Impoſtor's blaſted Hopes to end:

IX.

ut ſtay, fond Muſe, th' Attempt refrain;
he Theme ill ſuits thy humble Strain;
Velſted, O! begin the Song!
looming Poet, bright and young!
Exert thy heav'nly Art anew,
In lofty Verſe the Toil purſue,
n Verſe to Glory, and *CADOGAN* due.

X.

His paſt and preſent Actions ſung,
Let thy Lyre again be ſtrung;
Let thy ſweet, prophetic, Lays,
Anticipate his coming Praiſe;
Place the Scene before our Eyes,
That wrapp'd in Clouds and Darkneſs lies,
The Scene ordain'd in diſtant Time to riſe.

XI.

Many Years the Hero give!
Lov'd and happy make him live!
Draw him at the Helm of State,
As in Arms, in Council, Great!
Let the God-like Portrait ſhine!
So thou! (for Poets may divine)
Shalt ſhare his Fame, and make his Triumphs thine.

THE

THE

Ode-Maker;

A BURLESQUE *on the Dean of* Killalla's ODE *to the Right Honble. the Earl of* CADOGAN.

WELL! *Smedley*, since thou wilt expose
Thy self in Verse, as well as Prose,
And teize thy Friends, as well as Foes;
Be patient my Advice to hear:
Have within thy proper Sphere;
Treat not of Subjects, so Sublime,
In gingling, empty, doggrel Rhime;

But

But hit thy Genius, ſuit thy Muſe,
And Ballad-ſwelling Matter chuſe;
Chuſe ſomething whimſical and odd,
But ſpare, beſure, the Word of God.

Tell us what *S—t* is now a doing:
Or whineing Politicks or Wooing;
With Sentence grave, or Mirth uncommon,
Pois'ning the Clergy, and the Women;
Do! prithee, flutt'ring, ſmatt'ring Poet,
For thou, dear Dean, or none muſt do it.
Shew us, in ſympathetic Strain,
The Twin-Conceit of Brother Dean:
He's always Odd, and always New,
Idle, and Humorous as You.

Is he at Ombre or at Tea?
Writing a Pamphlet or a Play?
Sneaking to *Nuttly*'s, in a Chair?
Or riding on the *Strand*, for Air?

r, is he lolling on his Elbow,
hinking what, often, *John* and *Nell* do?
newing how well he can rehearſe
he naſtieſt Thing in cleaneſt Verſe?
venting Whims, preparing Rhimes
o bleſs the World, in better Times?

Or, is He caſting *Perkin*'s Doom,
nd propheſying Things to come?
hen ſtaunch, old Tories ſhall take Place?
new Apoſtates yern with Grace?
hen *Bolingbroke* ſhall be reſtor'd,
nd he himſelf yclyp'd, *My Lord?*

Or, is He ſettling Schemes of Life?
loney, beſure; beſure, no Wife.
th' Morning fixing Water-Gruel,
a is damn'd dear, and will not do well.
t Noon no *Diſhes*; No! a Chop
ole in, by *John*, from Neighbouring Shop,

Where

Where Diet ready-dreſs'd is Sold,
A Griskin hot, or *Sliver* cold;
And, for the Night, a Cruſt of Bread;
A Pint of Wine, and ſo to Bed.

Unleſs, when Winds have blown full Eaſt,
And Pacquets bring a Rebel-Gueſt,
Full-fraught with News; then ev'ry Door
Being ſhut, to chat their Treaſon o'er,
And o'er again; full Bowls go round,
With ſprightly Mirth and Faction crown'd,
And *John* is bid to Cut; and Cut on,
Till a whole Yard of Neck of Mutton
He into Chops diſſects, to cloy
Th' admiring Family, with Joy.

But, if no News-monger appears,
Or if h' adviſe from adverſe Stars;
Thinly, at Home, the Dean is fed;
Or viſits, for his daily Bread;

nd *John* and *Nell*, with Whey-like Beer,
rown-Loaf and Cheeſe, (moſt hearty Fare,)
aving indulg'd, may take their Eaſe,
ove, Snore or Sing, or what they pleaſe.

Something, like this, methinks, good Dean,
ere better than Heroic Strain:
r, if your Reverence had thought fit
o ſhew your Scrub, half-witted Wit,
mongſt the Sword, the Robe, the Gown,
ho, envy'd, ſhine in *Dublin* Town,
ou might pick out, as thick as Hops,
oets, Punſters, Ladies, Fops,
art, and Bright, and very Dull,
ith Paunch well ſtuff'd, and empty Scull;
nd ſing 'em making *Bulls*, and quaffing,
hewing, Blundring, ever Laughing.

Or, if thou art for meaner Work,
kim thy Thoughts away to *Cork*,

Deſcribe thy * *Biſhop*, learn'd and wiſe,
Lab'ring at ſenſeleſs Niceties:
Inventing Sins, creating Evil,
And making *New Work* for the Devil;
Whereas the Crimes already paſt, are
More than Fleſh and Blood can maſter.
However, that thy wonted Care
Of Mother-Church may full appear,
Thy Biſhop at his *See*, diſgrace,
And drink *THE MEMORT* to his Face.

Tell him, The *Cure of Souls*, of late,
Is deem'd unbred for Prieſts of *State*;
That, as no Roof, or Sacred Wall,
Adorns thy Pariſh, none e'er ſhall;
And if thy Wiſh were truly known,
'Tis, That *Killalla* Church were down.

* *Peter Browne*, D. D.

Or, leſt thy Rhiming Vein ſhould cool,
What if thy Friend Sir *Richard*'s -----*Pool*,
Thou didſt deſcribe, in Lines and Feet;
For that queer *Nick-nack* patt and meet;
Inform'd the Town, (this Freek being over)
He would proceed and ſoon diſcover,
In Art, long doom'd to deep Deſpair,
And SHEW a *Caſtle in the Air*.

Inſtead of this, from *Pindar*'s Wing,
You Gooſe-Quills draw; make *Welſted* ſing
Smooth and ſad Verſes, not his own:
And yet they are, for He alone
Was born to ſing the Hero's Doom,
Both paſt, and preſent, and to come.

Dear Doctor! 'tis a mournful Thing,
To you *Hold-forth* juſt as you ſing;
Soft's your Song, ſo ſmooth's your Art,
You'll ne'er affect your People's Heart.

And yet, tho' Verſes thick do flow,
From your ſwift Pen, as Winter's Snow,
You left your Work moſt crudely done,
And ended, juſt as you begun.

But this Friend *Welſted* muſt repair;
Welſted! *Blooming*, *Young*, and *Fair*;
To His Maſter-ſtroke, and Touch,
Belongs the *Barrier and the Dutch.*
Oh! had he done it, or that you
Wou'd, like your ſelf, your Theme purſue.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To the Right Revd. Dr. *HOADLEY,*

Lord Biſhop of BANGOR.

(1720.)

Hoc erat (experto fruſtrà Varrone *Atacino*
Atque quibuſdam aliis) meliùs quod ſcribere poſſem.
HOR.

SINCE Epic Strains no more are heard;
Nor Vertue, lately, has appear'd
A long-ſpun Fable: Since no God
Works Wonders now in Epiſod.
But Poets write (as Doctors Cure
By Chymic Skill) in Miniature.

Since Pages few of flowing Wit,
On merry Subjects, Archly writ,
Out-rival all the Tales, of Old,
By Strong-lung'd *Greek* or *Latin* told.
In ſhort, my Lord, ſince Folio-Praiſe
Is thought unbred, in theſe our Days;
And ſince a little *Ode* or *Letter*
Is ſooner penn'd, and, reliſh'd better:
Accept the humble Verſe I chuſe;
A Wakening to ſome ſprightlier Muſe:
Accept it from your faithful Friend;
The Love, which you create, I ſend.
I ſend you Health, I ſend you Praiſe;
And Length and Fauſtity of Days.
May every Year, may every Hour,
Honours and Bleſſings on you pour:
And when good *Durham* ſleeps in Peace,
O! may you Bleſs the Dioceſe.

Knowledge Extenſive, Uſeful, New :
Head ſo Clear, a Heart ſo True :
ertue embody'd ! a Whole Life,
r LIBERTY, one glorious Strife :
alents like Theſe, let all Men know it,
eſerve a Better *See*, and Poet.

Whilſt I, my Lord, deceive my Time
ith *Milton*'s Blank, or *Welſted*'s Rhime ;
hilſt I my Hours, at Will, employ,
nd feel no Care, without a Joy :
hilſt deep in Lore and Learned Text,
n oft inlighten'd, oft perplex'd :
hilſt *Clemens* and his Friends, awhile,
Facts I trace, or ſift in Stile ;
odding to Sleep my penſive Mind,
ne Truth, in Hours, explain'd to find.
whilſt I rouze to Life again,
ith *Horace*, *Lucan*, or *Montagne* ;

Or ſtill give Gayer Pleaſures Birth;
Court Muſic, Wit, and living Mirth:
And upon all of theſe refine
With *Atticus* and Generous Wine.

I ſay, with Negligence and Eaſe,
Whilſt much I ſtrive myſelf to pleaſe;
More Uniform and Rigid, You
Your unremitted Toils purſue;
Make Mankind's Good your Sole Delight;
Your Morning Thought; your Care at Night.

But, ſince, my Lord, our *Holy War*
Is ending, juſt as others are:
Or, ſince this War, (much like the *Flemiſh*)
ONE CAMPAIGN more, will, ſurely, Finiſh
For which, in due Time, we ſhall look;
You'll not be Caſhier'd, like the DUKE.

Since all your Foes, the Small, the Great One,
This of the *Temple*, That of *Eton*,
Quitting the Field, away have flown,
And, humbly, laid their Weapons down.
Since Thoſe, who *Scandal* were imploy'd on,
From *Carliſle* Town, to that of *Croydon*;
That is to ſay, from *South* to *North*,
Their Rage, in vain, have bluſter'd forth:
Since *Wor'ſter*'s Dean, who would be dabbling,
Has paid, full well, for *Putney*-babbling;
As *Joſeph Smith*, and half a Score,
Like *Atterbury* heretofore,
Calamy, *Blackhall*, many more.

Since *Figulus*, if I can gueſs well,
Will ne'er repair his broken Veſſel:
And is thought neither Wiſe nor Nice,
To print ſuch Country, Stale Advice.
Since GEORGE's Schemes, with Power, o'erthrow
Each Lukewarm Friend, each Red-hot Foe;

And

And all is ſnug, and ſafe and quiet,
From *Weſtminſter*, to *Warſaw-Diet*;
Nay, ſince the *Church* is far from Change, Sir,
And the Stage only was in Danger.

In Fine, my Lord, ſince *The Craft* fails,
And *Truth* and *Liberty prevails*;
Relieve your Mind, your Spirits ſpare:
Forget your Glory, and your Care:
Bethink: Your Foes are fled and gone;
Enjoy the Triumphs you have won.
Divide yourſelf amongſt your Friends;
With which Advice my Letter ends:
Hoping we, ſpeedily, ſhall meet,
Not without *Clark*, in *Gerrard*-Street.

OCCASIONED By An

O D E

TO

Earl St----pe.

WELL! T——LL, thou haſt found it out;
Thy Hero is both Wiſe and Stout!
But! let me tell you, 'tis no more,
Than Politicians found before.

Why then this Stir, and mighty Do,
In Stanza's Four, Lines Thirty-two?

Why

Why all this dire Poetic Rage?
Thy Sirname in the Title Page!
Bare Sirname! when you might add to it
'Squire, Secretary, Poet!
Only to ſay, *Britannia*'s *Boaſt*
Will ſoon be ſeen on *France*'s Coaſt:
And when He's hugg'd Monſeigneur, then,
He'll come to *London* back again.

And, why, pray, muſt the Errand fail,
Unleſs the Ship from *Windſor* ſail?
Why nothing ſaid of the Intrigue
A Brother-Earl drives at the *Hague*?
Nor of the Mediators Work
Between the Emp'ror and the *Turk*?
But Twice three Rivers ſtopt, to look
At one Trip, o'er the *Herring-Brook*?

Methinks, thy Time were better ſpent,
If thou (from *Europe*'s *Fate*, unbent)

Hadſt

Hadſt ſung, in Lines and Numbers new,
How AD——N, thy Friend withdrew
From *Cock-pit* Cares, to *Holland-Houſe*,
From State-Intrigues to cheer his Spouſe;
To all things Elegant and Quiet,
His Chambers, Coun——ſs, and his Diet.

Or, what if you'd inform the Town,
That Things, of wonderful Renown,
And Nature ſtrange, are to be ſeen
In *Bow-Street* at the *Pillars Green*?
Told, where the *Half-Man* lives, who can do
More than compleateſt *Ferdinando*?
Sung *Winſtanly*, ſo fam'd for Water?
Or blaz'd abroad the *Fire-Eater*?

Theſe had been Subjects, wondrous fit,
To ſuit thy Talents, and thy Wit:
But 'tis ill judg'd, in Four-Foot Rhime,
To handle Matters ſo Sublime.

What!

What! He who came from *Thames* and *Iſis*,
In ſinging ST———PE, and his Criſis,
The Play and Plot, at once, to ſpoil,
By Dapper, Lean, *Laconic* Style!

Not ſo, of late, thy Lyre was ſtrung,
When, in Heroics high, you ſung
A Man of God; who had the Grace
To Fire the World, by making Peace.

On His Excellency the Earl of Cadogan's PUBLICK ENTRY *at the* Hague, May 28. 1718. *being His moſt Sacred Majeſty King* George's Birth-Day.

Facta Ducis vivent: Operoſaq; Gloria Rerum. Ovid.

AURORA! Goddeſs of the Purple Morn,
With Bluſhes gay, thy op'ning Light adorn;
And Thou, Great *Phœbus*, dart thy brighteſt Ray,
Shine all the God, and grace this Glorious Day.
For, lo! in pompous Embaſſage, we bring
The Greateſt HERO, from the Greateſt KING.

His *Maſter!* form'd alone to reconcile
Contending Monarchs, and make *Europe* ſmile.
None! like *Himſelf*, thro' long Experience wiſe,
To teach Succeſs from growing Schemes to riſe.
He! who, when new to Arms, to form the *Ma*
Had *William*'s Cauſe, and Conduct for his Plan:
Who, rip'ning thence to Glory, Year by Year,
Copy'd All MARLB'ROUGH in his Arts of Wa
Immortal MARLB'ROUGH! who alone can boa
His Sieges never *Rais'd*: His Battles never *Loſt*.

Succeed Thy *Sire*, thou great adopted *Son*,
Witneſs to all the Glories he has won;
On his high Pedeſtal erect thy Name,
Riſe on his Actions, and enjoy his Fame.
Thou! Thou! art *He*, whom *Belgian* Crowds to D
With Joy behold, and lead thy ſplendid Way;
A Day! which gave (crown'd by th' auſpicio
GEORGE to the *World*, CADOGAN to the *Stat*

CHLO

CLOE *to Mr.* TICKELL,

OCCASIONED By His

Avignon-LETTER.

WHEN, curious, you peruſe this Female Strain,
And read my Letter o'er and o'er again;
Your various Judgment e'er you, haſty, make,
And point out this, and dwell on that Miſtake;
In every Page, a *Noun* or *Verb* miſ-plac'd,
And all the Rules, *Grammarians* teach, effac'd;
Remember, Sir, my Verſes are your Crime,
Twas he, who made me Loyal, made me Rhime.

E'er, yet, my Female Studies I declin'd,
And to the *Prieſt* and *Poſt-boy* turn'd my Mind;
When *Tea*, at Noon; the *Ace of Hearts*, at Night
And Flattery often pleas'd, and often Spight;
My eaſy Minutes, undiſturb'd with Care,
In Indolence I paſs'd, 'twixt Play and Pray'r;
Content, with Skill, to patch, or flirt a Fan;
Heedleſs of News, and thoughtleſs, ev'n, of Man
But the broad *Doctor*, bellowing, from afar,
The ſpiritual Horrors of a *Pulpit-War*,
I liſted Voluntier, and ſought Succeſs
By every Woman's Wile, by Look, by Dreſs;
I wrote, I read, I ſung, I danc'd, I play'd,
And curs'd the Viſit, which no Convert made;
In which a *Whig* I cou'd not, ſmiling, ſave,
Or frown a ſtiff Schiſmatick to his Grave.

Oh! had not *Truth*, by thy inchanting Tongu
Harmonious Poet! been, ſo ſweetly, ſung;

till I had liv'd deceiv'd, inur'd to Lies,
nd liſten'd ſtill to Prieſts and Prodigies.
leſs'd! be thy Verſe; thy Verſe! whoſe ſacred Pow'r,
lone, a Woman-Bigot cou'd reſtore;
Iay all my Sex proclaim thy juſt Applauſe!
nd praiſe thy Wit, and aid thy glorious Cauſe!

How long ſhall *Dulneſs*, dreaming God! ſuſtain,
n this fair Iſland, his inglorious Reign?
ehold! what Pranks he plays; behold him range,
he darling Deity, around the *'Change*;
here Pun-full Miſers jeſt, and cheat, and cant,
nd wallow in the Riches, which they want.
ee! how his awful Godhead does diſpence
t *Child*'s, and *Will*'s, his ſolid Influence!
ow! willy-whiſps *P——e*'s Senſes quite aſtray;
nd ſheds his whole collected Force on *G——y!*
ow puzzles pert *Ar——t*'s Learned Head;
ho, tho' to *Recipe's* and Pulſes bred,

His former Studies, dozing, now reverſes,
Writes Madrigals, Crack Puns, and Clubs for Fa[ce]

With Grief! his far extended Power I view;
With Grief behold a fribbling, wittling Crew,
With borrow'd Ribaldry diſtreſs the Town,
And teize us, ev'n with Dulneſs, not their own;
With far-fetch'd Pun, and with Conundrum vile,
They blend the lofty Language of our Iſle;
Invert, and ſtrain, and torture harmleſs Words,
To form a Gibberiſh, worſe, than *Neeve*'s Record
Pumping for *Grubſtreet* Jokes, in Council ſit,
And blaſt their Mother-Tongue, for want of M[other-W]

Riſe, *Ad——n*, exert thy Muſe's Charms,
Quit the ſoft Scenes of Love, and *War----k*'s Arm
Convince the wondring World, that *George*'s Rei
Is not condemn'd to Folly, and to Gain.
Thus each Alloy diſclos'd, by thy pure Ore,
Bombaſt ſhall paſs for Sterling Wit no more.

N

Nor *David*'s Poetry, inſpir'd, ſublime,
Obſcenely ſhock in barbarous, doggrel Rhime.

Let generous *Garth* relax his God-like Care;
Himſelf, while ſaving others, let him ſpare;
That, when good-natur'd Spleen diſturbs his Mind,
He a Relief, from Poetry may find.

Let *Philips* too reſume his Rural Strain,
And *Congreve* (ſilent long) freſh Laurels gain;
Once more let *Vanbrugh* write, and *Welſted* chuſe
New Subjects, to inſpire his Lyrick Muſe.
And thou, O! favour'd Youth, whoſe tuneful Art
With Love of Verſe, cou'd warm a Female Heart,
Urge the great Dictates, which thy Breaſt inflame,
Conſult thy Country, and conſult thy Fame.

TO

Sir *RICHARD STEELE*

On his new PLAY, call'd,

The Conſcious Lovers.

Neſcio, quod certe eſt, quod me tibi temperat aſtrum.
Per

VOuchſafe, my Friend, this haſty, honeſt Praiſe
Kind, to accept, tho' ſent in humble Lays
Long Love and Friendſhip warm my faithful Hear
And Love and Friendſhip know no Rules of Art.

Much has the Stage bemoan'd the abſent Muſe
His Aid the *Delian* God did long refuſe.

N

No Plot (but at the *Tower*) is to be seen;
The Players from Act to Act, from Scene to Scene,
In senseless Guise, do hurry, talk and move,
Play idle Tricks, and make unmeaning Love:
Raise awkward Hopes, or shew ill-grounded Fears,
Or when they force a Smile, offend our Ears:
And, if in Buskin dread the Stage is trod,
While Princes Rave or Die, Spectators Nod.

But you, my Friend, auspicious to the Age,
Refine our Nations, and Reform the Stage.
Your *Conscious Lovers* to our View have brought,
Whatever *Terence* writ, or *Horace* taught;
So proper, so polite is All that's said:
What pleases *seen*, will please us more when *read*.

Oldfield and *Wilks*, the *Hearing* charm'd and *Sight*,
Twas *Steele* the *Understanding* did delight.

True

True was the Conduct, eaſie was the Thread,
Which, thro' the Drama's winding Labyrinth led.

Let future Bards, from Thee, be taught the Rule,
To raiſe Five Acts, without a vicious Fool:
To blend with *Virtue* ſtill their Comick *Life*,
To make the Lover True, and Chaſte the Wife.

But oh! what Joy ſurrounds thy honeſt Heart,
To ſee ſo well approv'd each labour'd Part;
All the Fatigue of Writing, Wrack of Brain,
To Think, and then expreſs the Thought again,
And the whole Stretch of Fancy, Judgment, Wit,
To make all new, and moving that is writ;
Reward, from this Reflection finds alone,
At once I've profited, and pleas'd the Town.

Thus

Thus *Phydias* with tranſported Eyes ſurvey'd
he beauteous Virgin, which his Hands had made;
urveying he forgot the *Mallet*'s Blows,
nd all the Toils, which from the *Chiſel* roſe;
orgot the Labours of the Rough-hewn Stone,
nd all the various Forms it had put on;
re the Embryo Marble, made Adult by Art,
rew up, thro' juſt Degrees, from Part to Part,
o ſuch Perfection, that another Stroke
ad given it Breath, and it had mov'd and ſpoke.
he Intenſeneſs of his Mind he now laid by,
nd all the watry Piercings of his Eye;
leaſed to behold the finiſh'd Piece, he ſaid,
ail! my New-born, my beauteous Heavenly Maid!
hy Form ſhall pleaſe each keen and skilful Eye,
nd no Beholder ſhall a Flaw deſcry;
ut chiefly ſhalt thou pleaſe the fineſt Taſte;
enus is Fair, *Diana* Fair and Chaſte.

ON

On MARTILLA *Weeping.*

IN others, Sorrow Beauty's Force diſarms,
But gives new Luſtre to *Martilla*'s Charms.
When I behold her Eyes her Grief diſplay,
And, thro' Affliction, Beauty work its Way;
My anxious Soul, alternate Paſſions move,
And my Heart melts with Pity and with Love;
The pleaſing Ill, at once, I curſe and bleſs,
At once, enjoy and feel the ſad Diſtreſs.
Weep, lovely Virgin! weep awhile, and ſhow
How many Graces to your Cares you owe.
Each common Nymph, may boaſt the Power to kill
When proſperous Fortune aids her cruel Will;
But you, alone, tho' drown'd in Tears, deſtroy,
And prove your Grief victorious as your Joy.

ON

ON A *Maſqu'd* MISTRESS.

From *BUCHANAN.*

WELL, then! my gentle, Night-piece Maid,
Muſt we ſtill love, in Maſquerade?
Is it ordain'd, by Fate, and Thee,
I ne'er that Magic Face ſhall ſee?
Unfit ſhall Noon, as Midnight, prove
To bring to Light the Nymph I love?
Still, of Relief, ſhall I deſpair,
And ſigh before an abſent Fair?

What! ſhall I kiſs, embrace and toy,
Yet never know who gives the Joy?

A Fairy Maid! ſhall I careſs,
Whom, I do not, and do, poſſeſs?

I'll not take *Oldfield* to my Arms,
Unleſs I view bright *Oldfield*'s Charms:
No! better, fancy'd Beauties trace
In *Margaretta*'s open Face.

Forlorn and wretched may ſhe prove,
Who, in the Dark, diſguiſes Love!

Now! by Thy-ſelf, by every Grace,
Which ſhines in thy Authentic Face,
And by thoſe Eyes, I Thee conjure;
Thoſe Eyes! which mine to Love allure;
O! give my longing Sight to ſee,
Your real Self, whate'er you be.

Your very Self to ſee, I ask;
Your Self, *my Love*, and not your Mask.

Let me but know what 'tis I love,
A patient Lover I will prove
Of any Nymph; for I'm not nice;
But Vertue, Hid, is conſtrued Vice.

If *Miſs* but Licks, in Colours faint,
Men ſwear ſhe's daub'd, all o'er, with paint;
And when ſhe treats her Face, with Art,
They nauſeate every other Part.
For Minds, with jealous Fears, accurſt,
Brought to ſuſpect, ſuſpect the worſt.

Your Features ſhare not in the Foil,
Which ſhades the Nymphs on *Afric*'s Soil;
You hung upon no tawny Breaſt;
No thick-lipp'd *Black* your Mother preſs'd:

Thy

Thy freſh Complexion, White and Red,
In *Bucks*, declare Thee born and bred.

But, what if (Black as poliſh'd Jet)
Thy Sire, Thee (Blacker) did beget;
Yet, black, you might ſome Paſſions move;
All Colours have their Friends in Love.
At leaſt, a frank and honeſt Mind,
When Colour fails, will make Men kind.

With me, Simplicities alone,
For want of Fifty Charms, atone.
The native Ruby let me kiſs;
To *Prieſts* I leave the painted Bliſs.
Let Prieſts deſire ungenuine Charms,
And court Deluſion to their Arms;
They love Deceits, tho' ne'er ſo many,
And boaſt Religion, without any.

CLAUDIAN's

Old Man of *VERONA.*

BLeſt! Husbandman, whoſe frugal Hands have
(His Life's Imployment) his Paternal Field! [till'd
he Cottage and the Roof that did behold
is Infant Years, now ſee him very Old:
ropp'd on his Staff, he numbers o'er, intent,
he many Years within that Cottage ſpent.

With Fortune did he never wiſh to roam,
or ever wandered from his peaceful Home;

Nor

Nor fear'd Sea Storms, nor heard th' Alarms of W
Nor the hoarſe Wrangling of the noiſy Bar.

Rude to the World, and Stranger to its Care,
He breathes, in open Skies, untainted Air.

By Seaſons, only, he computes the Year,
Flowers ſhew the Spring, and Fruits the Autu
In the ſame Field, at Work he do's ſurvey
The riſing Sun, and marks his ſetting Ray;
And his own Labour meaſures out the Day.

Tall ſturdy Oaks, but ſlender Twigs, he knew
He and the Foreſt Old together grew.

Near to his bleſt Abode *Verona* ſtands,
Yet diſtant, ſeems, to him, as *India*'s Lands.
Benacus Lake, which glads his Neighbourhood,
He counts remoter than the *Perſic* Flood.

Mean Time the Hale, old Sire delights to ſee
Grandſons a long vig'rous Progeny.

Who Rambles, only knows Fatigue and Noiſe;
Home, who reſts contented, Life enjoys.

EPITAPH
ON
Sir *JOHN EDGA*

NOT far from hence, lies Honeſt *Dick*;
Who dy'd Alive, was buried Quick.
No Turf he brought, no Stone he rear'd;
For on him the whole *Duke* lies hard.

Stop, Traveller, or lightly bound
Over th' Inchanted, Fairy Ground;
Nor with unhallow'd, witty Laſhes
Diſturb the angry Hero's Aſhes:
Who as he liv'd, juſt ſo he dy'd,
Free from Fear, and full of Pride;
And off he went, in his own Strain,
Swearing, he'd ſoon return again.

HOR. Lib. III. Ode 16.

DARK, Night Intrigues had ne'er betray'd
Danae fair, impriſon'd Maid,
d not *Venus*, leagu'd with *Jove*,
ak'd, with Showers of Gold, her Love:
e God Intire a Bribe became,
win his Paſſage to the Dame.

Thus, undermin'd by powerful Gain,
iſius, trembling, watch'd in vain;
vain, well chain'd his wakeful Guard,
d Gates and Towers of Braſs prepar'd:

Towers, ev'n of Braſs, defenceleſs prove,
Where Gold a Parley beats to Love:

Gold! forces thro' the ſtrongeſt Guards,
And ſteals its way thro' cloſeſt Wards:
Gold penetrates the op'ning Rock,
Which ſtood the Thunder's piercing Shock.
Victims to Gold, and direful Gain,
The *Augur*, and his Race, were ſlain.
And Hoſtile Gates, themſelves unbar,
In crafty *Philip*'s Golden War:
By powerful Bribes, he tames his Foes,
By Bribes! his Rival Kings o'erthrows.

O'er rough Sea-Captains Gold prevails;
To Gold they yield, and ſtrike their Sails.

Yet Care alloys the heap'd-up Ore,
Care! and endleſs Thirſt of more!

Mecænas! bleſs'd with every Grace,
ory of th' *Equeſtrian* Race;
ſtly I dread, leſt flattering Fate
iſe me high in Pomp and State.

Vain Equipage of Wealth! Adieu;
rewel, ye Miſers, famiſh'd Crew!
honeſt *Cynics* I'll repair,
th whom, 'tis Vertue to forbear:
o think it Greatneſs, to with-hold
eir Appetites from Love of Gold;
t think it Greater to expend
hatever Life, a-while, may lend,
make Life bleſs'd, and chooſe t' o'erlook
reaſing Debtor in their Book,
ther than gain the *South-Sea* Store,
d hide it, gain'd, and ſtill be Poor.

While a few Acres I poſſeſs,
Which pureſt Springs, and Riv'lets, bleſs;
While my due Crop the Seaſons bring,
I envy not the *Libyan* King.

Tho' in my Casks *Calabria*'s Wine,
And that which flows from *Formia*'s Vine,
By Old Age are not Racy made;
And tho' in Wooll I drive no Trade;
Yet I am free from craving Want,
And more *Mecænas*, ask'd, would grant.

Thus, unexpenſive, I can pay
Each diff'rent Tax without Delay;
More Happy, than if *Phrygia*'s Crown,
And *Lydia*'s too, were both my own;
Who covet Want. Thrice bleſs'd! where Heav'n,
Tho' Little, yet Enough has given.

EPIGRAM.

BETTY! you're *Pretty*, 'tis allow'd;
Betty! your Shape is wond'rous good:
ur *MANNER* is not reckon'd ill:
u're Vertuous, Rich; you've Wit at Will.

Yet, Pretty *Beſs*, I muſt ſay for you,
oſt Folk diſlike, and ſome abhor you:
w! how this comes to paſs, dear *Beſs*,
e Devil's in't if you can't gueſs.

AN EPITAPH ON *Iſaac Bickerſtaff's* CAT.

UNDER This Stone poor *Puskin* ſleeps;
The Mice rejoice, the Maſter weeps;
Freakiſh he was, and full of Play;
Prey'd all the Night; *Purr'd* all the Day.
Stop, Traveller! a ſad Diſaſter
Is *Puskin*'s Death to's loving Maſter;
But, I muſt ſay no more of That,
Leſt Grief ſhould kill Him, for his Cat.
Howe'er, to give them Both their Due,
Since *Whittington*, the World ne'er knew,
Cat e'er ſo Kind, Maſter ſo True.

A FA

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To His Excellency

Charles Earl of *Sunderland*,

ONE OF THE

Lords-Juſtices *of* England.

——————— *In publica Commoda peccem,*
Si, longo Sermone, morer tua Tempora —— Hor.

LOaded, my Lord, with Cares of State;
Preſs'd by the Wealthy and the Great;
Fatigu'd for *George* and *Britain*'s Good;
Crown'd with Succeſs, tho' much withſtood:

Poſt-

Poſt-pone your Toil: Deign to peruſe
The little Levities, a Muſe,
Not over-gay, at preſent ſends,
To make You ſmile, and pleaſe Your Friends.
'Tis no New Thing for Bards, with Letters,
In Metre, to addreſs their Betters,
Without being thought Unbred or Rude:
Verſe muſt be very bad t' intrude.
This was the conſtant Trade of *Horace*,
And others (whom you've read) before us.

But ſtop, adventurous Muſe, thy Flight;
Conſider well, before you write.
Important are his Lordſhip's Hours;
Not Vuide and Humorous, like yours:
The Fate of Empires is His Care;
A Glorious Peace! or Lawful War!

Beſides you muſt not write in Haſte;
His Judgment's good; refin'd his Taſte.

Poli-

Politeſt Learning; brighteſt Wit;
Whatever with Applauſe, is Writ;
(Whether recorded be the Lore
In Ancient Archives duſty Store;
Or, whether to the Height are brought
Sciences by Modern Thought)
Theſe are His Favourites; and, of Courſe,
His Converſations can't be worſe.

Think I, theſe Thoughts are Juſt and True;
A Letter from *Kinſale* won't do:
Cloudy's the Climate, Poor the Land;
Verſe thrives not on the barren Sand:
Forc'd! too from Town; nay, baniſh'd quite;
It is impoſſible to write!

But, if I write, what ſhall I ſay?
An *Iriſh Tale!* ——— *Once on a Day*, &c.
No, No! Be wiſe, ſink, for this Time,
Thy Love for SUNDERLAND and Rhime.

What

What is't to Him, that at *Kinſale*
Our *Claret*'s bad, and Worſe our *Ale*?
Or, that our *Rum* and *Brandy*'s Good,
As e'er was tipp'd, or fir'd Mens Blood?
And that there is no cheaper Thing
Sold in this Town? ——*God bleſs the King!*

It muſt for certain, be amiſs,
To ſend ſuch trifling Stuff as this:
To tell him, That the Folk in Town,
For want of War, are quite undone;
That they have no Eſtates in Lands;
And that their Time hangs on their Hands:
How *Haddock* ſnarls at *Griffy Beven*;
How *Jerry* laughs from Six t' Eleven;
How moſt Men live at Six and Seven.
In ſhort, The Humours of this Town,
In *Piccadilly* will not down:
Neither the *Billingſgate* of *Scilly*;
Nor the dry Jokes of *Bowler Billy*.

And if I ſteer *Killalla*-Courſe,
That Journal will be worſe and worſe.

Think then I muſt, before I write:
And ſo bethinking what t' indite;
I found, in this corrected Age,
Our Diction Chaſte, and Juſt our Rage;
I found the *Wits* were ſtrictly taught
Propriety of Stile and Thought:
And ſtraight on choiceſt Modern Rhime,
Imploy'd my curious, well-ſpent Time!
For, truly, of the *Claſſick-kind*,
Little in our Old Bards, I find,

To ADDISON I firſt apply'd;
Poet, and Orator beſide!
Much his Great Name to *Juſtneſs* owes:
When higheſt ſwell'd, he ne'er o'erflows;
And when the dangerous Deep he ſhuns,
Tho' Low, yet Clear and Sweet he runs:

Cool

Cool Judgment tempers Hotteſt Fire:
Art guides, what Genius does inſpire.

While GARTH, with Labour, ſtrives to pleaſe,
POPE verſifies with perfect Eaſe:
While POPE, in Female Softneſs, ſhines,
GARTH languiſhes in Manlier Lines.
Both have their Beauties; Both excell
In Thinking, and in Writing well.

PHILIP's I've read: He's Pure, he's Terſe;
Sound is his Senſe, and ſmooth his Verſe.
Ah! would he court the Groves again;
And charm, anew, th' admiring Swain!
Again, frequent the Muſes Throng,
And finiſh *Thule*'s Heav'nly Song!

I've read too (not without Delight)
What TICKELL, and what WELSTED write;

Nature'

Nature's own Beauties they purſue;
Their Stile Correct, their Manner New,

This when I'd done, with ſtricteſt Care,
I ſtopt my own vain, fond Career;
And ſaid, None, but the Firſt-rate Wit,
To ſing my SPENCER can be fit:
The Noble Blood let ſuch Men ſhow,
Which, thro' His Purple Veins, does flow;
Thoſe Honours, which He does inherit;
Or Thoſe, which *GEORGE* beſtows on Merit.
How (good as Guardian Angels are)
He reconcil'd the *ROYAL PAIR!*
How Faction ſick, nay, dead's become,
While He adminiſters at Home!
And, How all *Europe*'s more at Peace,
Than, ever yet, in Former Days!

Yes! certainly, it muſt be ſo:
For theſe High Themes, my Rhime's too Low.

I cannot

I cannot, muſt not, on them dwell:
For though, in Metre, I might tell,
(And Metre good) how I withdraw
To *Ireland*, there to go to Law;
Yet, ſurely, this will ne'er ſuffice
To ſing the Stateſman Learn'd and Wiſe;
Nor make my Verſe ſwell, to the End,
With *GEORGE*'s Favourite and Friend:
And ſo I'm in a bad Condition! ———
Well: Since I can't Rhime, I'll Petition.
My LORD then, that I may conclude,
(For, being Tedious, is being Rude)
Make me (to fill my earneſt Wiſh up)
An *Engliſh* Dean, or *Iriſh* Biſhop,

And Your Petitioner will Ever Pray.

J.

CHESTE

CHESTER TOWN:

OR THE

RCHERS *Delight A BALLAD.*

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

I.

OOD Neighbours, and Friends, pray think it [no low Thing,
I To hear me deſcant, now, in Praiſe, of our [Club;
y He, who's averſe to't, be Hang'd, in my Bow- [ſtring,
r be damn'd, all his Life-time, to Small-Beer and [Bub:
For, tho' ſome, of late,
J. At *Puſh-pin*, do meet,
whipping a Top, be the Game of the *Great*;
et, this is the beſt Club, that ever was ſeen,
nce Robin Hood's *Days, and ſince little* John Green.

II.

First, then, from the *Gods*, we derive down ou
(And, truly, the Exercise is most Divine,
For *Iris*'s *Bow*, 's the First *Bow*, that was made,
Whose Mettle, and Use, and whose Colours, a
When Rain spoils our Spor
Then fair *Iris* we court,
Who shoots Arrows at Clouds, to keep us from Di
O the Gallantest Club that, &c.

III.

The first *Archer* I'll name, is a jolly red Blyth-o
And ought not, I'm sure, to go unregarded;
'Tis He, as you're told, who murther'd great *Pyt*
And stuck him with *Arrows*, like a Fowl Lard
And this the bold *Sun*,
When, in Wrath, he had d
He eat him all up, as sure as a *Gun*;
O the Gallantest, &c.

IV.

An *Archer*, moreo'er, was the Son of *Juno*;
But I'll not ſay much of the Rough *God of War*,
For the Son of *Venus*, the *God of Love*, you know,
Will pleaſe the proud *Ceſtrians* better by far;
Who, tho' they do ſnub,
Sometimes, the Young Cub,
Yet he's the *Blind Side*, of this Amorous Club,
O the *Gallanteſt*, &c.

V.

And now, laſt of all, a *Cæleſtial Dame*,
Shall end the *Archers*, which I quote, from Above;
Who, like mortal Ladies, much loved the *Game*;
But knew more of the *Long-bow*, than Courting,
[or Love:
Diana, I mean,
Who near breath'd a Vein,
But liv'd an *Old Maid*, ſore againſt the Grain.
O the *Gallanteſt*, &c.

VI.

The *Gods* then being o'er, let *Mortals* come in,
For ſome *Gods* upon Earth, were *Archers*, I trow;
Thus blind *Hannibal* at *Cannæ* did win,
And Great *Alexander*, where *Granic* do's flow;
Thus *Creſſy* was won,
Where *Monſieur* did run,
Being beat with the *Bow*; and He's been by th[e]
O the Gallanteſt, &c.

VII.

Since theſe, then, were *Archers*, and Thouſands beſide
Who for the Profeſſion wou'd not declare?
Which not only is *Antient*, but *Uſeful* beſide,
As, moſt ſafely, to you, aver now I dare;
For *Bow*, well as *Phyſic*,
Can cure the *Phthiſic*,
And the *String* of the ſame, him, who for, *Love* is Sic[k]
O the Gallanteſt, &c.

VII

VIII.

f you are for Doſe of *Med'cine Gymnaſtic*,
And *exerciſing* all the Body at once;
an't you walk with a *Bow*, as well as with a *Stick*,
And then you imploy Nerves, Veins, Muſcles, and [Bones?
But no more I'll produce,
For my *Bow*, or its Uſe,
ut the *Beaux of the Club* will ſpeak on to chuſe,
O *the Gallanteſt*, &c.

IX.

he *May'r* of the Town, the Firſt *Archer* is He,
And Famous he is, for his *Sight* and his *Size*;
ho, it's thought, very ſoon, a meer *Cupid* will be;
For ſh---ng, or ſhooting, he winks with both *Eyes*;
He draws to the *Head*,
Hems, when He ſhoots *Dead*;
t when He ſhoots *ill*, there's much more to be ſaid;
O *the Gallanteſt*, &c.

X.

The next Man to Him, is his bulky *Recorder*,
Who can draw a *Bill*, better much than a *Bon*
But he muſt come in, to keep up our Order;
For we have more *Archers*, who ſhoot but ſo, ſo;
Yet, when that is done,
To's *Pipe* let him run,
He's the beſt of the Club, at a *Pot* and a *Pun*
O *the Gallanteſt*, &c.

XI.

An *Archer*, moreover, is Alderman *Price*;
Who ſteers, by his *Cards*, to *Ardmail* in the Dar
A Solicitor, too, he is, wonderful Wiſe,
Tho' ſome Authors affirm, he was ne'er bre
Who, winning at *Whisk*, [cle
Is jolly and brisk, Sir,
But otherwiſe frets, hanging Ears, juſt like his C
Ye Players at Whisk, obſerve well the ſame,
Picking Noſe, pulling Wig, ſignifies a Bad Game.

XII.

nd now, 'mongſt the *Clergy*, after the *Red Gown*,
(Whoſe *Inſide* is bright, tho' their *Outſide* be dark)
he *General Vicar*, his Tackling has laid down,
Having ſhot all this while, but ne'er hit the *Mark*;
But, as for the *Sport*,
Tho' he be not for't,
et, 'tis well for the *Club*, they've a Friend, in the [Court;
O the Gallanteſt, &c.

XIII.

ake Room for the *Chanter*, he's juſt come from [Cappah,
You may know, by his Haſte, he ſuits on the Wing;
that as for the *White*, He cou'd ne'er give 't a Slap-a,
And to ſhoot at a *Black*, you'll ſay, 's an odd thing:
Howe'er, for *Tit-Bit*,
From Pot, or from Spit,
ere's none, like the *Chanter*, the *Club* that can hit,
O the Gallanteſt, &c.

XIV.

Parſon *Piper*, who looks ſo like an Old Sinner,
By *Practice* in Shooting, the much worſe is grow
So that as for the Widow, there's no Hopes he'll w
For his *Point*, more he ſhoots, the more it ha
But, O! let him fill
His *Pipe*, and ſit ſtill;
All he'll ſay to the *Club*, 's, *They may ſay what they m*
O the Gallanteſt, &c.

XV.

But, laſtly, have at the jolly *School-maſter*,
For a goodly and graceful Member is He;
Who firſt whips a *Boy*, and then whips a *Teſter*;
Who *Mah's* at the *Mark*, but Hits an old Tre
Now, tho' She of *York*,
Did not like his Work,
Yet his Point it flies up, it is of the *High Kirk*;
O the Gallanteſt Club, Sir, that ever was ſeen,
Since Robin Hood's *Days, and ſince Little J*

A SO

ON

The DEATH *of a* LAP-DOG.

ERIGONE, Celestial Maid!
Kindly impart thy Virgin Aid:
nd *Mæra*, Star! so burning bright!
Her Favourite once, her Lap-delight)
Dony due, accept the Verse,
d help to grace my *Dony*'s Hearse.
t *Dony*, like your *Mæra*, shine
Orb above, ye Pow'rs Divine!
kept *Erigone* from Harms;
grac'd and guarded *Chloe*'s Charms.
Mæra Gone's Love did boast,
ny was *Chloe*'s Favourite Toast:

To

To him her ſofteſt Things ſhe'd ſay;
Oft on her downy Breaſt he lay;
And oft he took a gentle Nap,
Upon her Sleep-inticing Lap.
Moſt beauteous own'd the Dogs among;
His Eyes ſo large: His Ears ſo long!
His Manner *Beau*; and *Belle* his Air:
Mottled and curl'd his lovely Hair.
Ne'er bark'd awake; nor ſnor'd, reclin'd;
Ne'er prov'd indecent from Behind:
Bred Tip-Top: free from odious *Flea*;
Cou'd take a *Pinch*; or reliſh *Tea*:
Lov'd *Chick*; but then ſo nice was grown,
The *Liver* only cou'd go down.
Courteous, yet Chaſte, h'addreſs'd the Dames;
Strutting the Ladies into Flames;
But, *Cupid*-like (I mean not *Blind*)
He kill'd, ne'er cur'd the Female Kind.

Your Cenſures, ye Profane, forbear;
Dony deſerves my ſalteſt Tear:
My Conſtancy, my Truth's approv'd,
While I lament the Dog I lov'd.
Ah *Dony*, *Dony*, did you know
The Grief, the Pain, I undergo;
Dony you'd ſoon again return,
Nor let your faithful *Miſtreſs* mourn:
You'd ſoon obey this pious *Call*;
Dear, *Melitæan Animal.*

A Certain PREFACE, *put into* RHYME.

SINCE Verſes, Reader, muſt enſue,
'Tis neceſſary, firſt, that you
Should know the Reaſons why I writ,
From *Hampſted*-Town, this Piece of Wit:
Trifles, juſt proving Bad or Good,
As th' are, or are not, underſtood;
And as for mine, they have this Virtue,
That, either way, they will divert you.

Ti——*ll* and *Yo*——*g*, reſolv'd to ſpend
An Evening, gay, with me their Friend;
Their Mirth to raiſe, and Wit refine,
With mutual Love and ſprightly Wine;

Choſe

hoſe Beamy *Th——ll* for the Fourth;
inter! proud, and Man of Worth.

Swift the joyous Hours go round,
With *Th——ll*'s Praiſes, chiefly crown'd;
pon whoſe Plans, much Time being ſpent;
laſt, I ask'd them What they meant?
-They hop'd (t' oblige the World, ſo wide,
nd raiſe his Native Country's Pride)
.—*ll* his Genius, far, wou'd ſtretch;
noble Paintings, form the Sketch;
ew labour'd Strokes, well-wrought Deſigns;
-Such as glare in theſe my Lines;
ew ſomething (not in Touches faint)
r exceeding *Greenwich* Paint;
r! as what I here indite
rpaſſes all I've wrote, or e'er ſhall write.

As for this Poem, now before you,
s partl' Epiſtle, partly Story.

To

To grace the Fable or the Fiction,
If *Garth*'s good Senſe, or *Pope*'s good Diction,
Be wanting, ſure you a'n't ſo blind,
As not to ſee, this was deſign'd;
Their Beauties ſhine in their own way,
And *Ovid* ſpeaks, in all They ſay.
Since, therefore, I've long toil'd in vain,
To trace this ſweet *Naſonian* Strain;
I'll not deſcend (let all Men know it)
To copy from a Copying Poet.

And now the Publick muſt excuſe
A Thing wrote only to amuſe:
Brought forth, one Morning, this Hot Seaſon;
And Printed without Rhyme or Reaſon;
So Dull, I'm ſure, it can't offend;
Deſerves no Foe; can have no Friend.

And yet ſo ſowr, ſo ſharp, 's Mankind,
Some Critic, Bigot, Fop, may find

Stra

Strange Things, of wicked, dire Intent;
Tho', Heaven knows, I nothing meant,
But innocent, poor, harmless Lays:
At least, no Envy, if no Praise.

The POEM *Transvers'd.*

TH——LL! what Miracles can You,
By Force of Magic Pencil, do?
What Dead-Men, on your Canvas, tell,
Rise into Life, *Majestical?*
And then ne'er die, but live t' adorn
The Rooms of People yet unborn.

Or, is your Mind ingag'd in Flights,
And guided, as the Maggot bites?
Here's a fine Piece *begun*, I trow,
And there is one in *Embryo*:

If 't thus be, *Th*——*ll*, pray excuſe
The Pertneſs of a Siſter Muſe;
Who muſt pretend to greater Skill,
And can work Miracles at Will:
Witneſs this Legend, which I ſend
To thee, my *Covent-Garden* Friend;
About a Beauteous, ſickly Saint,
Which when you've read, you'll know what's in't.
Thus, *Th*——*ll*, I (Elate, proud Elf)
Am pleas'd (if you're pleas'd) with My-ſelf;
And muſt be ſo, till better Weather,
And Fortune bring us both together.
Then I'll out-do whate'er I've writ
Of Learning, Politicks, or Wit;
And we will club our fertile Brains,
To puzzle out high, Tragic Strains;
Such as, you know, we can produce
For Poor, but Honeſt, *Rich*'s Uſe.
Happy! if *Ti*——*ll* can but ſteal
A Minute from the Common-weal;

Than whom, no Soul can be Welcomer,
t *Craggs'!* not trembling nor at *Homer!*
nd, if *To*——*g* ſhould claſp his *Gradus*,
nd, with ready Wit, invade us;
Vould he but let th' *Ægyptians* reſt,
nd crack, in *Engliſh* plain, a Jeſt;
leſs me! the the Town would all adore us!
Nor *Pope*, nor *Philips*, ſtand before us.
uch *Friends! Clear Souls! without Diſguiſe*,
Not *over-gay*, *not over-wiſe*,
Vould make the Hours, with Joy, rowl on,
rom *Thirſty* Nine, to *Moiſter* One.

On a Norfolk PARSON.

I Sing the Man of *Norfolk* Clergy,
Who every Night, ſnores, loud his *Dirge*;
Whoſe laſt Addreſs to God Alm——ty,
Is the *Jews A-men*, ſo Good Night t'ye.

His Fleſh is willing, but his Spirit
Submits to That of good red Claret.

Tobacco is his only Incenſe,
And drinking Healths, is Pray'r, in his Senſe.
Tobacco! in his Mouth, that *Confeſſer*,
So daily offer'd, makes Amends, Sir,
For all his Faults; as Want of Thinking,
And Throat untuneful, dry with Drinking, &

And many more, which, not for Want on
A Rhyme, we do not now descant on;
But 'cause it is our Will and Pleasure,
To name 'em at some other Leisure.

On a Big-belly'd Lady, *who fell above the Middle in the Water.*

TAKE Courage! Madam, 'tis an old thing,
When Ladies Tongues are given to Scolding;
Or, when t'other End o'th' Dame,
Burns, with too petulant a Flame,
In Water, deep, the Parts to cover
And duck the Termagant, all over.

But you have met that Fate by Chance,
To which their *Merits* them advance.

The Happy! Infant, that you bear,
Shall prove, more than her Mother, Fair;
O! more than mortal Fair ſhall be,
So early riſing from the Sea:
Like Beauty's Goddeſs, who did come
From the ſame cold and watry Womb.

Or, if't be Male, the Caſe more plain is,
Some Admiral, or Duke of *Venice*:
Or, Fat *State-holder* ('tis no matter)
He'll be, and ever love *Strong-Water*.

The Sun, who, when his Courſe is ſped,
I'th' Ocean, nightly, ſteeps his Head,
Had Fortune ow'd him ſo good Hap,
As, in *Kinſale*, that Night to Nap,
Refuſing, more abroad to peep,
With you had, ever wiſh'd to ſleep.

AN EPISTLE TO

An Iriſh Parſon, *of a ſmall Benefice, reſolved to live in* London.

Heu ! fuge crudeles terras, et littus avarum.

VIRG.

SINCE you're reſolv'd, Dear Sir, t'abandon,
Our *South-Weſt Coaſt*, and live in *London*;
There, in your Coach, to make a Figure,
(Your Purſe and Belly ne'er the bigger)
Conſider, well, th' important Step,
And Look, I pray, before you Leap.

Suppoſing, then, Remitted clear
Three hundred Pounds, my Friend, a Year,
(A pretty! Income, near the *Fort*,
To make one eaſie, and thank God for't)
But, if I am not ill-inſtructed,
Exchange, on Bills, being firſt deducted;
The *Proctor* next, then *Curate* paid,
There is not ſo much to be had.
Deduct, too, Tyth of *Pigs* and *Geeſe*;
Some *Fiſh* ſome *Eggs*: and Things like theſe;
Which (with *Book-Dues*) I dare aver it,
Would pay your Annual Charge of *Claret*;

Suppoſe, again, then, which is true,
Inſtead of Three, but Hundreds Two;
Are you, ſo much, Sir, in the Dark yet,
To think this Sum will go to Market,
Twelve, Months; without your being undone,
Where every Thing's ſo dear, in *London*?

Where

here, it confounds the Deepeſt Sages,
o pay Houſe-Rent and Servants Wages:
o lay in Coals, both ſmall and great,
hich keep you warm, and dreſs your Meat:
here great Eſtates away are ſwept,
running in the Tradeſmens Debt.

Believe me, Sir, 'twill never do there:
nſider *Baker* firſt, then *Brewer*;
ckles and *Sawce*, whene'er you Dine;
Dram, and Glaſs or Two of *Wine*!
ith thouſand Taxes, they Amerce one,
Starve the Poor, and Glut the Parſon.

Beſides! your Friends make conſtant Sport on
ve-thouſand Pounds! your *Engliſh* Fortune!
d ſay, in ſhort, you're fairly Bit;
d better ta'en an *Iriſh Tit*,
h half Five hundred; and ſtaid here
wake and ſleep, ſecure; and cheer

Your Heart with cheap or unbought Food;
And ſave your Soul, By doing Good.

Behold! the Pleaſures of *Kinſale!*
French Claret! neat. Pure *Iriſh* Ale!
Freſh Fiſh! accounted ſo inviting!
From largeſt *Cod*, to ſmalleſt *Whiteing*.
And *Turbot* boil'd! Delicious Food!
And *Turbot* ſous'd! ſo wondrous Good!
(Whence *Mary* will immortal be,
Whilſt *Turbots* can be brought from Sea!)
Or *Pilcher*, in freſh Butter dreſt;
Or *Pilcher* dry'd, it-ſelf a Feaſt!
Or freſheſt *Eggs*, with ſalteſt *Ling*;
To paſs by many other Thing;
And ſo I'll end my *Iriſh* Story,
Both Caſes being laid before ye.

To Mrs. A. B.

WHat! Genius can describe Fair *Anna*'s Mind?
What! Pencil Paint, to *Anna*'s Beauty join'd?
Her Eyes are lovely, as the Rays of Light;
We look Enamour'd, and we court the Sight.
Nature her Lips adorn'd, with choicest Care,
And painted every Balmy Sweetness there.
How clean her Shape! how delicate her Waste!
They court our Arms, and sue to be embrac'd.

Behold her move! behold the graceful Mien,
Like that of *Venus*, by *Æneas* seen.

Dancing!

Dancing! ſhe courts your Eye, and makes you ſwear
It is the *Goddeſs*, by that Heavenly Air.

Yet! all theſe Charms, An unexhauſted Store!
Theſe rare, unrivall'd Charms, which all adore,
Compare not with Her Soul; That nobler Part!
Her *Cherub* Soul, Her large extended Heart.

How fair her Mind! her Mind excels her Eyes;
And to her Senſe, her Beauty yields the Prize!
The ſhining Caſket our Applauſe may win;
But the rich Treaſure is preſerv'd Within.

Severeſt Judgment her Chaſte Manners guides,
And o'er her Actions Prudence, ſtill, preſides.
Her Looks, her Geſtures, and her Thoughts are gay,
But govern'd are by Reaſon's temp'rate Sway;
No wanton Follies, which light Minds imploy,
Taint her pure Mirth, or mingle with her Joy.

Her

Conduct Uniform and Just, we see,
ke from *Levity*, or *Stiffness* free.
r with Censorious Malice is alloy'd;
Vertue, nor her Beauty, stain'd with Pride.

he Tunbridge BEAUTY. 1715.

AIR Village! Pride of *Kent*! Regret no more,
Thy Dearth of Beauty, and thy Triumphs o'er;
longer to thy Rocks and Hills proclaim
y faded Honours, and thy lessen'd Fame;
w Glories are reserv'd to grace thy Plains,
w Visions to alarm thy wondring Swains:
lift thy Head, salute the youthful Year,
d smile, to see the promis'd Blessing near;
e op'ning Blossoms, and the growing Spring,
ir *Cloe*, to thy happy Walks, shall bring:

Fair

Fair *Cloe*, to thy happy Walks and Thee,
What *Venus* to her *Cyprus* was, ſhall be.
Again renown'd in Fame, ſhall *Tunbridge* prove
The Seat of Beauty, and the *Land of Love*.
Behold! in every Face a glad Surprize!
See! *Love* Re-lights his Torches from her Eyes!
Soft melting Cares her new-ſeen Charms impart,
And kindle Flames, in each Beholder's Heart.
Each Day! ſhall ſhe extend her fatal Power,
And ſwell her Conqueſts, each triumphant Hou
All *Tunbridge* ſhall, at length, in Love expire,
Like Magazines, which, from *one Spark*, take Fi

The Mournful SHEPHERDESS.

A

PASTORAL.

SINCE Death! whose Shafts, at Random, still [destroy,
Has robb'd my Breast, of all its promis'd Joy,
ince *Damon*'s Eyes are clos'd in endless Night,
nd never more shall bless my ravish'd Sight;
t me! on this green Turf, reclin'd, complain,
nd feed with constant Sighs my pensive Pain.
ere, let my Eyes, with Tears incessant, flow,
nd pay their Debt of everlasting Woe.
y Soul to Sorrow, here, I will subdue,
nd make my Wounds, each Moment, bleed anew.

O *Damon!* O! the *Sun* ſhall witneſs be,
With what a ſtedfaſt Grief I mourn for Thee:
Each Silver Star, that twinkles in the Sky,
Shall ſee me weep, each Grove ſhall hear me
My wearied Powers, in Sleep, if Nature bind,
Yet ſhall not ſleep the Anguiſh of my Mind;
My throbbing Cares, ſhall faithful Dreams rev
And keep each Image of Diſtreſs alive:
Yes! *Damon*, I will grieve myſelf to ſleep,
But, as I ſleeping lie, for *Damon* weep.
An Heart, with Troubles, ſharp, as mine, opp
No Freedom finds from Pain, no Aid from Re

Whilſt thou didſt live, new Joys ſtill cheer'd
Now thou art dead, it ſtill afreſh ſhall ſmart;
Unalter'd was thy Flame, and I will prove
My Sorrows conſtant, as my Shepherd's Love.

Ye! Trees, your branching Arms, so wide that [throw,
Ye! Groves, that give Solemnity to Woe!
Receive, within your melancholy Shade,
A most afflicted, once an happy Maid;
Your silent Gloom is to the Wretched kind,
And spreads a welcome Horror o'er the Mind;
Your dark Recesses, hid from human Sight,
Sooth the sick Heart, and to sad Thoughts invite.

O! *Damon*, I no more, shall see thee smile;
No more, with Thee, in pleasing Talk beguile
The Live-long Day; nor hear thy rural Song,
And Voice, so wont to charm the listning Throng;
On thy kind Bosom I shall rest no more,
And act my little fond Endearments o'er;
No more upon thy lovely Eyes shall gaze,
And practise all my Female, winning Ways.

Ceas'd are those Beauties, which my Soul admir'd,
Which the Swains envy'd, and the Nymphs desir'd;

The

The faithful Smile, the Soul ſincere as Truth,
His Angel Form, and, Purple Bloom of Youth;
Thoſe Charms, on which I doated, all, are fled,
All that is lovely, is with *Damon* dead!

Th' impending Threats of Death, I might ha[ve fear'd]
From many Signs, if I had Signs rever'd;
Unmindful me! the *Hare*, that croſs'd my Way,
Too plainly did preſage this rueful Day;
And I a Thunder-ſtricken Oak did ſee,
But heeded not the ill fore-boding Tree;
Alas! unlucky Portents were not rare,
Nor Omens few, had Omens been my Care.
My heavy Heart proclaim'd Diſaſters nigh,
My Spirits droop'd and ſank, I knew not why.
Methought! the mournful Lambs all lifeleſs ſtoo[d]
Unmindful of their Sport, nor call'd for Food.
Still were the Groves, nor Chirp'd the feathe[r'd Choir]
Nor did the *Nightingal* renew her Song;

nvolv'd in Clouds and Horrors was the Night,
he conſcious Moon withheld her chearful Light;
he Stars to ſhed their wonted Beams forbore;
dreary, ſullen Aſpect Nature wore;
nd when the affrighting Sound was heard, HE [DIES!
eav'n wept, and pour'd down Rain from all its Eyes.

O! never will return the Golden Hours,
hen *Damon* us'd to cull the choiceſt Flowers,
deck my Boſom; or, with curious Care,
d Garlands weave of Jeſs'min, for my Hair.
elſe, diſclos'd ſome choice, ſome ſecret Neſt;
brought me Garden-Fruits, a Rural Feaſt!
ſearch'd me out among the Willow Green,
ding my ſelf, but, wiſhing to be ſeen.

O! never ſhall thoſe Golden Hours return!
peleſs! I ſtill muſt weep o'er *Damon*'s Urn:
, ſhall thoſe Golden Hours record my Joy,
e, while it laſted, and without Alloy.

Record! a Paſſion, which no Limits knew,
A Paſſion! which to doating Fondneſs grew.

The Nymphs and Swains did, at our Bliſs, repi
What Nymph, would not have chang'd her Fate
The Nymphs and Swains to envy, all, were pro
What Swain, but wiſh'd my *Damon*'s Fate his ow
The Suns, with looking on, did weary prove;
But ſay, ye Gods! if I was tir'd with Love?
One Day paſs'd by, and ſaw my faithful Flame,
Another roſe, and it was ſtill the ſame;
With downy Feet the Minutes danc'd away,
Each Day I ſaw my Love, and all the Day;
And every Day was, ſtill, like that before,
So eager was I ſtill to ſee him more!

But! what do all my fond Complaints avai
O! will not Life, at length, thro' Sorrow, fail
Am I reſerv'd, by Fate, in vain, to mourn,
And bear the Ills, that cannot, yet, be born?

Will not my ſtubborn Spirit yield, at length?
Nor bitter'ſt Pangs ſubdue my waſting Strength?
Ye Gracious Powers, O! liſten to my Pray'r,
And take a Wretch, moſt wretched, to your Care!
In Pity, urge my Fate, inforce my Grief;
When Life is Sorrow, Death's a kind Relief!

CUPID *in* LOVE.

AS *Cupid*, from his Cruel Sport,
Return'd, to Grace his Mother's Court,
In Triumph leading Bleeding Hearts,
Throbbing with Love, transfix'd with Darts;
Himſelf untouch'd! the *Hunter* ſtray'd
Into a Cooling, Myrtle Shade,
And ſaw a Lonely, Lovely Maid.

No ſooner did young Maſter ſpy
The Virgin's ſoft, refulgent Eye,
Than did his Opening Breaſt receive
A Wound, like Thoſe, He, often, gave;

nd, down his Arms and Hearts He threw,
nd languiſhing, full, in her View,
is done! He ſaid, See! *Mars*, ſee! *Jove*,
e! all ye Gods; See *Cupid*'s Love!

To *Venus* when, at laſt, he came,
ithout his Tackle, or his Game;
ithout his Bow, without a Dart;
ithout his own, or any Heart;
he Goddeſs cry'd, Alas! My Son,
here haſt thou been? What haſt thou done?
e ſigh'd and anſwer'd, with a Groan,
e ſtole my *Hearts*, ſhe ſtole my *Own*.

The matchleſs Beauties of her Face;
he Wonders that her Perſon grace;
he Charm, in all ſhe does, or ſays;
r killing Smiles, her winning Ways;
r Wit, her Coyneſs, All agree,
Spight of Fate, to vanquiſh me.

Leſs angry *Venus* at her Son,
Than to find Herſelf out-done,
Cry'd, Who's the Nymph that, thus, prevails?
Ah, Dear *Mamma*, 'Tis *Fanny Hales*.

A HINT *from* PROPERTIUS.

Quæritis unde mihi toties ſcribantur Amores? Prop.

ASK ye, why I, ſo often, write of Love?
And why my Thoughts, in amorous Numbers, move?
My Flowing Meaſures, and Poetic Fires,
Nor *Phœbus* nor *Calliope* inſpires:
CECIL I ſaw: CECIL to Verſe invites;
Who ſees Her *Loves*; and every Lover *Writes*.

She is my Theme; All other Nymphs, Adieu;
In *Cecil* every Female Charm I view.

o! The *Bleſs'd Apple*, on *Barbado's* Coaſt,
lone, can *various Elegancies* Boaſt;
rom the *ſame* Source, the *different* Taſtes ariſe,
nd the SAME FRUIT A *whole* DESSERT ſup-
plies.]

The FOX *and* GOAT.

A FABLE.

I.

OLD *Reynard*, once, with Thirſt oppreſt,
Feaſted a *Goat*, which nigh did dwell,
t wanting Liquids for his Gueſt,
He led him to a Neighbouring *Well*.

II.

nners being paſt, they Bumpers drink,
Health to Themſelves and Friends, go round;

'Till, ſated, they began to think
Amidſt their Cups, they may be drown'd.

III.

Sir *Crafty*, put to his Wit's End;
Bids *Grey-beard* ſtand, erected, up,
Promiſing to help his Friend,
Whoſe Horns wou'd favour his Eſcape.

IV.

But, when, ſecure, He reach'd the Brink,
His Neighbour periſhing beneath;
Th'ungrateful Whelp cry'd, Die, or Drink,
'Tis all alike to *Reynard*, Faith!

V.

Thus I, who, long, have propp'd the *Great*,
Am dropp'd, where I have been moſt kind;
Mine is, exactly, *Grey-beard*'s Fate,
They're up, and I am left behind.

VI.

And yet, to ſcreen theſe Men, *in Power*,
I wrote *The Conduct of Th' Allies*;
And what can mortal Man do more,
Than ſtretch his *Wit*, to vent his *Lies*?

VII.

Nay! I did ſwear I was for *Brunſwick*,
With Conſcience ſcrupulous and tender;
But *Wrote* and *Rode*, 'till I was Bum-ſick,
In hopes to forward the *Pretender*.

VIII.

I wrong'd, moreo'er, the Nation *Scotch*:
In Rhime and Proſe was very ſmart on
The Injur'd *Catalan* and *Dutch*,
Brave *Marlbro'*, and my Friend *Tom Wharton*.

IX.

Remember then, my Dear *Dick Steele*,
Who hazarded your very Throat;
Who never turn'd't with *Fortune*'s Wheel;
Remember well, *The Fox and Goat*.

Fix'd on a Church Door.

I.

TO day, this Temple gets a *Dean*,
Of Parts and Fame, uncommon;
Us'd, both to Pray, and to Prophane,
To ſerve both *God* and *Mammon*.

II.

When *Wharton* reign'd, a *Whig* he was;
When *Pembroke*, that's diſpute, Sir:

In

Oxford's Time, what *Oxford* pleaſed;
Non-Con, or *Jack*, or *Neuter*.

III.

his Place He got by Wit and Rhime,
And many Ways moſt odd;
nd might a Biſhop be, in Time,
Did he believe in God.

IV.

or High-Churchmen and Policy,
He ſwears he prays, moſt hearty;
ut wou'd pray back again, wou'd be
A *Dean* of any Party.

V.

our *Leſſons!* *Dean*, all, in one Day,
Faith! it is hard, that's certain:
Twere better hear *thy'own Peter* ſay,
G—d d——n thee *Jack* and *Martin*.

VI.

VI.

Hard! to be plagu'd with Bible, ſtill,
And Prayer-Book before thee;
Hadſt thou not Wit, to think, at Will,
On ſome diverting Story?

VII.

Look down, St. *Patrick*, look, we pray,
On thine own *Church and Steeple*;
Convert thy *Dean*, on this *Great Day*;
Or elſe God help the People!

VIII.

And now, whene'er his *Deanſhip* dies,
Upon his Tomb be 'Graven;
A Man of God, here, buried lies,
Who never thought of Heaven.

HORACE, EPOD. II.

BLeſt! Country-man, who, free from Care,
As Men, in the Firſt Ages, were;
ith his own Oxen Tills the Plains;
Stranger! to Uſurious Gains.
ho fears, from angry Seas, no Harm,
or dreads the Trumpet's hoarſe Alarm;
or plies the *Bar*; nor *needs* to wait
t the proud *Levees* of the *Great*.

His pleaſing Care is, then, to twine
e lofty Poplar with the Vine;

Or

Or wither'd Boughs, that, uſeleſs, lie,
With healthful Cyons to ſupply.
Or, in a Valley, at his Eaſe,
Reclin'd, the lowing Herd he ſees;
Or ſtores up Honey, fit to keep
In Veſſels pure; Or ſheers his Sheep:
Or, when mild *Autumn* rears his Head
Around, with ripen'd Fruit o'erſpread,
He gathers, then, delightful Care!
The purple Grape, and grafted Pear;
With their due Offerings, to addreſs
The Gods, who Fields and Gardens bleſs.

Now, ſtretch'd beneath the Shade, he lies,
Now, on the Graſs, in open Skies:
Mean Time the Birds renew their Song;
The ſlow, deep Current creeps along:
While the ſoft Noiſe of purling Streams
Invites to Sleep, and pleaſing Dreams.

But! when the Snows and Rains appear;
The Stormy Season of the Year!
The Boar into the Toil he drives!
The Boar! in vain, intangled, strives:
Or Nets he spreads upon the Bush;
A Snare for the Voracious Thrush!
Or takes the Crane, or timorous Hare;
Sit! Prizes of a Sports-Man's Care.
Who, with these Manly Pleasures blest,
Drives not Love's Torments from his Breast?

Let but a Chaste, tho' Homely Spouse,
Careful of Children and the House,
Like some plain Dame, with Sun-burnt Face,
Of *Sabine*, or *Apulian* Race,
Prepare, at my Return, a good
And chearful Fire of dry, old Wood;
Set her but milk the gladsome Kine,
Bring unbought Food, and new-press'd Wine;

The

The *Lucrine* Oyſter I'd o'erlook;
Nor, for the *Turbot*, bait my Hook;
Or *Scarus* (of it-ſelf a Feaſt!)
In Tempeſts driven from the Eaſt.
I would deſpiſe the *Aſian* Pheaſant,
And the *Ionian* Snipe, more pleaſant
Than Olives, gather'd freſh, that grow,
Luxuriant, on the richeſt Bough!
Or Wood-ſorrel, or Marſh-Mallows,
Which makes us Hale and Luſty Fellows;
Or the fatteſt Lamb, that e'er
Prieſt for the Altar did prepare;
Or fatteſt Kid, the watchful Swain,
From the fierce Wolf, did e'er regain.

Thus! while we feaſt, with what Delight,
See! we the Sheep return, at Night?
See! we the tardy Oxen come,
Lugging th'unwieldy Plow-ſhare Home!

nd Labourers round the Fire-ſide;
he Farmer's Splendor, Wealth, and Pride.
Thus Damer *talk'd, and ſaid, That He*
henceforth a Country-man wou'd be.
et! now, His *Intereſt* he demands,
o put it out, upon new Bonds.

ON
A CONCERT *of* MUSIC.

THE various Concert is begun! attend;
Hark! how the riſing Sounds the Thoughts [unbend.

Now! Slow *Adagio* dwells upon the Strings,
nd lengthens out the ſolemn Joy it brings.
ow! Brisk *Allegro*'s livelier Notes controul
he Hurried Spirits, and ingage the Soul.

O! Heavenly Art; whoſe Magic Force inſpi
Such gentle Raptures! and ſuch ſoft Deſires!
A Thouſand Pleaſures round our Boſoms move,
Of all thoſe Pleaſures, far, the ſweeteſt Love!

But! ſtop the Notes, nor touch the trembli
[Stri
Let the whole Concert fall; *Belinda Sings.*
Art frames, in vain, the Chords, in vain t
[B
The *Life* of Muſic we to *Nature* owe.

Yet play again; or *This* Inchanting Sound,
Which ſooths my Ear, my Heart, too deep, w
[wo

TO

An Ugly OLD MAID.

I.

BAlda! Thou art of Woman-kind,
That lives, the oddest Creature;
ith Wisdom you have Folly join'd;
Perverseness with good Nature.

II.

Silent, or in Mirth too Loud,
Still various you appear;
umble To-Day, To-Morrow Proud;
Now Gentle, now Severe.

III.

Raſhly you Love, as raſhly Hate,
And make, at Sight, each Perſon,
(Such Miracles can Pride create)
Your Favourite or Averſion.

IV.

Now, *Balda!* ſince your Merit's clear;
What needs there more be ſaid?
Withdraw betimes; and ſay your Prayer;
And then go, ſtraight, to Bed.

On the Death *of* RANTER.

A MOCK-POEM.

In Imitation of a Certain Modern ELEGY.

On the Death of - - - - - -

Neget quis Carmina? VIRG.

MOURN! all ye Fields, and change your [Native Green;
Spring Roſemary, where Roſes, once, were [ſeen.
Mourn! all ye Woods; mourn every ſhady Grove;
Grief be your Scene, as, once, your Scene was Love.
Hiſt! noiſy Birds! Ye rougher Blaſts, too, ceaſe,
And only fan the melancholy Place.
Hiſt! Eccho; or elſe gentleſt Murmurs learn,
And in ſoft Breezes, ſmootheſt Sighs return.

Let every Tree bow down his drooping Head;
Ranter! alas! your deareſt *Ranter*, 's Dead!

No more you'll hear the Dog's delicious Cry!
No more you'll eccho 't thro' the gladden'd Sky.
No more the Chace, ſo ſwiftly, run you'll ſee;
No more you'll ſport in ſeeing *Ranter* flee;
He's gone! the Joy of every Stream and Tree!
He's, gone ———————
Where-e'er he ran, beloved of the Place;
He's gone! of all the *Pack* the only Grace!

Ceas'd are his Notes; th' attentive Huntſman's [Care
Ceas'd is that Mouth *Diana*'s Self might hear,
With new Delight, were every Part an Ear.
Oh! how he foam'd, when, eager of his Prey,
His tender Noſe bid his fleet Heels away;
With Joy *He made it off*; *for Puſs*'s Death
Drew on, as *Ranter* drew his skilful Breath.

He held out ſtoutly, as He firſt began;
d grac'd the ſpringing Flowers, as He *Ran.*
e Fox and Hare may ſport, and play ſecure,
r, whene'er *Ranter Cry'd it*, Death was ſure;
'er *At a Loſs*: His Loſs who can endure?

Like as ſome Hero, who, with many a Scar,
ght out a Life, ſucceſsfully in War,
ring, leſt Age ſhould do, what War did not,
ns boldly on, and dies upon the Spot.
Ranter dy'd. In Chace, in View of Prey,
ro' rougheſt Ways He made undaunted Way;
dly He ſprang into th' impetuous Tyde,
ſeiz'd his *Game*, and, as He ſeiz'd, He dy'd.

FANCY;

A MADRIGAL.

'TWAS *Fancy*, firſt, made *Cælia* Fair:
'Twas *Fancy* gave her Shape and Air.
It robb'd the Sun, ſtripp'd every Star
Of Beauties, to beſtow on Her.
And, when it had the *Goddeſs* made,
Down it Fell, and Worſhipped.
Creator, firſt, and then a *Creature!*
Narciſſus! and a Pail of Water!

HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILE I, alone, your Faith approv'd,
Nor any Rival, more belov'd,
your ſoft, folding Arms did lie,
han *Perſia*'s King more bleſs'd was I.

LYDIA.

While only me your Verſe adorn'd,
or *Lydia* was for *Cloe* ſcorn'd,
igh, in Renown, was *Lydia*'s Name;
ot *Ilia* had a greater Fame.

HORACE.

HORACE.

Cloe does now my Bosom fire,
Charm'd with Her warbling Voice and Lyre,
For her I'd die, and die resign'd,
Might the Dear Nymph remain behind.

LYDIA.

My Captive Breast for *Calais* burns,
Who, kindly, Love for Love returns;
For him I twice cou'd yield my Breath,
If Fate wou'd save the Youth from Death.

HORACE.

If Love unites our Hearts again,
And binds us in a Faster Chain;
If golden *Cloe* I despise,
And doat again on *Lydia*'s Eyes.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Tho' he outſhine the brighteſt Star;
hough thou than *Cork* art lighter far;
nd Angrier than the fretful Sea,
l chooſe to Live, to Die with Thee.

HOR.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE XXVI.

WITH the Muſes Favour bleſt,
Grief approaches not my Breaſt:
Every Fear, and every Pain,
To the boiſterous *Cretan* Main,
Far away, the Winds ſhall blow:
Nought imports it me to know,
What *Barbarian*'s direful Sway
The frozen *Scythian* Realms obey;
Nor from whence the Terrors ſpring,
Which alarm *Armenia*'s King.

Godde

Goddess! of th' *Arcadian* Grove,
Who the limpid Streams dost love,
Cull the Flowers, in open Fields,
Cull the Sweets the Garden yields;
And thy fairest Wreath be twin'd,
Hunter's learned Brow to bind.

Unless You your Aid impart,
Vain will be my feeble Art;
Bid thy Heavenly Sister-Train
Join with thine their various Strain;
Bid 'em touch anew the Lyre,
And call forth the *Lesbian* Fire,
To record, in Deathless Lays,
All the Godlike Hero's Praise.

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE XII.

REfreſhing, Weſtern Winds (that bring
An Earneſt of the gladſome Spring,
And calm the Seas) with gentle Gales,
Now, ſoftly, ſwell the ſpreading Sails.

Nor white, with Froſt, the Meadows ſhow;
Nor Rivers ſwell with Wintry Snow;
The mournful Swallow builds her Neſt,
With never-ceaſing Grief oppreſt;
Baſely, in dire Revenge, ſhe dy'd
Her cruel Hands with Parricide.

Reclining, in the Graſſy Meads,
The Shepherds tune their Waxen Reeds;
Great *Pan*, with Pleaſure, hears their Strains;
Pan! loves *Arcadian* Flocks and Swains!

Mean time, the Seaſon *Thirſt* excites;
Then, *Virgil!* if thy Soul delights;
(*Virgil!* for Wit, and Mirth, and Truth,
Favourite of each *Royal* Youth!)
If thou deſir'ſt a choice Repaſt,
And neat *Calenian* Wine to taſte,
Perfume of *Spikenard* be thy Care;
And Wine, in Plenty, I'll prepare.

On this Condition, ſhall be thine
A Choice, Old Cask of Racy Wine:
Wine! that new Spirits can impart,
And baniſh Sorrow from the Heart.

If

If this frank Offer be imbrac'd,
To meet my Friendly Joys, make haſte;
Your Unguent bring: I cannot boaſt,
Dear *Virgil!* at my ſingle Coſt,
With cheering Cups, thy Cares to lull,
Like the Rich Man, whoſe Vaults are full.

Come then, without Delay, and be
From Love of Verſe and Lucre, free.
In Folly loſe thy Cares a-while;
Think of thy haſt'ning Funeral Pile!
Sweet are the Pleaſures, which ariſe
From being, *a Propos*, Unwiſe.

Immenſis Stilico *ſuccedant Otia Curis,*
Et noſtræ patiens, Corda remitte, Lyræ,
Nec pudeat longos interrupiſſe labores,
Et tenuem Muſis *conſtituiſſe Moram.*
Fertur & indomitus, tandem poſt prælia, Mavors,
Laſſa per Odryſias *fundere membra nives;*
Oblituſque ſui, poſitâ Clementior Haſtâ,
Pieriis *Aures pacificare Modis.* Claud.

IMITATED

To my Lord CADOGAN

OY! to *Mæcenas*; The rough Sound of War,
And every martial Care, is baniſh'd far;
o Fleets at Sea, no ſtanding Force at Land,
he Subjects Proweſs, or their Wealth demand:
ebellion's hideous Voice is calmly huſh'd,
hurch Quarrels ended, Civil Faction cruſh'd:

No

No Naval Power disturbs our Trade at Sea,
Our Merchants, safely, to our Isle convey
The precious Products of benigner Skies,
And each rare Growth, which this cool Clime denies.

The loaded *Thames*, with spicy Wealth o'erflows
Which on fair *Indus* Banks and *Ganges* grows;
In Threads, the Country Nymph, soft, silky, shines
Which the bright Insect near th' *Horizon* twines;
And *Eastern* Treasures Town and Court display,
The solemn Ruby and the *Atlas* gay;
Not to omit the lov'd *Nicotian* Weed,
Nor Spirits drawn from Rice, and th' *Indian* Reed.

Thus whilst no Cares or Fears our Minds oppress
But Wealth and Peace, and Joy the Nations bless
Whilst *George the Just* does o'er the State preside
And faithful Ministers his Councils guide:

Gre

Great Sir, relax your Thoughts and condescend,
Humbly, the Muses humble Lyre t' attend.

On *Ida Jove*, on *Thracian* Mountains *Mars*,
The Care of Peace reliev'd, and Toil of Wars;
Augustus thus, and *Scipio* thus, we find,
With Wit and Verse amus'd a State-sick Mind.

You're our *Mæcenas*. Freely, Sir, converse
With the lov'd Votaries of the God of Verse.
Raise a *Lyceum*, a *Palatian* Dome,
Like the fam'd Patron of the Wits of *Rome*;
Which to *Apollo*'s Temple join'd, did stand,
And there do you the learned Tribe command.
When her *Mæcenas Britain*'s Isle shall boast,
The *Mantuan* Swans will sing along her Coast;
And whene'er *Pollio* does a Muse require,
Some *Flaccus* will arise to touch the Lyre.

The Eccleſiaſtical Don Quixote: *An excellent old Ballad. Written by an* Oxford *Scholar, in* Harry *the 7th's Time, on the Abbot of* Weſtminſter's *aſſaulting the Governour of* Hull, *on* Perkin Warbeck's *Account.*

To the Tune of, When good King *Henry* rul'd this Land.

Tantæné animis Cæleſtibus Iræ? Virg.

1.

ATtend my Song, which ſhall declare
The valiant Acts full well
Of Abbot *Frank*, in *Weſtminſter*,
Who, not long ſince, did dwell.

2.

ut now, alas! for Reasons wise,
Within four Walls is pent,
here to bewail, in dismal Guise,
And, if he can, repent.

3.

ith burning Zeal, in Lawn when drest,
Oft has he fir'd the Town,
or can his flaming Temper rest,
In Stone-Doublet, or Gown.

4.

Churchman stanch himself to shew
He Wrangle might, and Huff;
t 'twas not Orthodox, I trow,
To Wrestle, Kick and Cuff.

5.

Strange, that an Abbot Reverend Right,
Shou'd be ſo prone to Ire;
That one, ſo us'd to pray, ſhou'd fight,
And ſhou'd ſo ſoon take Fire.

6.

O! ſay *Machaon*, whence proceeds
This furious, warlike Vein;
What *Diet* ſo much *Nitre* breeds,
And *Sulphur* in his Brain.

7.

And name the *Drink*, whoſe Spirits hot,
Cou'd Prelate-Blood ferment,
Like Cyder, when the Cork is ſhot,
And to the Cieling ſent.

8.

r, monſtrous 'twas ſo ſee and hear,
As all Men will confeſs,
e Holy Man of God to ſwear,
And fight with Arm of Fleſh:

9.

d 'gainſt a Warrior bold to ſtand,
And madly to attack,
o had great Guns at his Command,
And *Huſſars* at his Back.

10.

ll, if theſe Particles (ſo us'd
To fire this Prelate's Soul,
en good King *Harry* was abus'd,
nd *Perkin* crown'd the Bowl;

11.

Or when from Church to Church he'd roam,
With Face of Scarlet Hue,
And for *High-Maſs* at Mouth wou'd foam,
And damn the *Wickliff-Crew*;

12.

When *Perkin*'s Right was ſtil'd Divine,
The choſen Race of God,
Tho' Wiſemen thought that *Perkin*'s Line
Excentrick was and odd:)

13.

Tell if theſe fiery Seeds, I ſay,
Like Gun-powder that's pent,
Broke out this ſtrange Romantick way,
For want of uſual Vent.

14.

Sir Governour, the Abbot said,
A Crow I'll pluck with you;
Advance and stand close by this Bed,
And ye, my Servants two.

15.

The Courteous Governour reply'd,
Your Mind, Lord Abbat, say;
But let your Servants twain, he cry'd,
Be order'd first away.

16.

By James, *reply'd the Abbot keen,*
They shant: off Heretick;
Nor stirr my Slaves, for well I ween,
Some vile, deceitful Trick.

17.

You WICKLIFF *Dog! with that he flew,*
And ſeiz'd him by the Collar,
The Corniſh *Hug full well he knew,*
Whilom an Oxford *Scholar.*

18.

So on his Back the Governour
Lay meekly, tho' a Fighter,
And only ſaid, Conſider, Sir,
Does this become a MITRE?

19.

If I the Scriptures, know, belike,
You are no true Divine;
There Abbots are forbid to ſtrike,
Or to be drunk with Wine.

20.

In vain you boast your straight Descent,
From Peter *down is come;*
Unless by Peter *here be meant*
The bloody Pope of Rome.

21.

*An * Hero in this Fort doth bide*
With Hand of Rigid Steel;
Your Hand and pious Heart beside
Are harder, as I feel.

22.

The Abbot, in religious Mood,
As there the Victim lay,
Was tempted for the Church's Good
This Sacrifice to slay.

* *Lord* N——th *and* G——y

23.

And his Breath ſurely then had ceas'd,
Had th' Abbot had the Power,
Were he the Priſoner, and the Prieſt
Commander of *Hull* Tower.

24.

But as the Abbot ſat aſtride
Upon his proſtrate Foe,
Nor cou'd 'twixt Rage and Fear decide
What he had beſt to do;

25.

The Guard approaching to the Door,
He quits, in haſte, his Prey;
Up roſe the patient Governour,
And mildly went away.

26.

Now upon *London-Tower-Hill*,
Shou'd *Frank* pay for his Frolick,
God send the Abbot's Place to fill
Some Priest more Apostolick,

Blew-Ey'd *NANCY*;

OR

The Diſappointed Lovers.

An excellent New BALLAD. To the Tune of *Fair Roſamond.*

I.

ALL, in *Soho*, there liv'd a *Toaſt*,
Her Name was *Blue-ey'd Nan*,
More *Charms*, did Virgin never boaſt,
To win the Heart of Man.

II.

Of Liberal Parents ſhe was born;
Well nurtur'd too was ſhe;
Her *Manners* did her Birth adorn,
And eke her *Modeſty*.

III. Two

III.

Two Eyes ſhe had, both lovely bright,
Where *Cupid*, oft, was found
To lurk, and thence to take his Flight,
Poor mortal Hearts to wound.

IV.

One Day the *Roguiſh Imp*, unſeen,
Behind a *SPECK* withdrew;
A Preſent! from the *Cyprian Queen*,
T' embelliſh *Nancy*'s BLUE.

V.

Long it remain'd in her Fair Eye,
A beauteous *Speck!* indeed;
Who ſaw it, ſtraight, of Love did die,
To think on't makes me bleed.

VI. Now,

VI.

Now, here, as He lay in the Lurch,
He drew a deadly Dart,
When ſhe gaz'd up to Heaven at Church,
And ſhot *TAR* through the Heart,

VII.

And then he wrench'd it out, again,
As there it reeking lay;
And plung'd it into her *Heart*'s *Vein*,
While ſhe her Prayers did ſay.

VIII.

To *Woods* and *Lawns*, away ſhe hies,
And wanders all-around;
The Air ſhe perfumes by her Sighs;
Her Tears refreſh the Ground.

IX.

To Shores relentless, and to Rocks,
Inflam'd, does he complain;
Then *Thetis* and her *Nymphs* invokes,
To ease him of his Pain.

X.

Upon the Sand he writes her Name;
And she carves his on Trees;
She *Dryads* prays to cool her Flame;
He, *Naiads*, to quench his.

XI.

Far dearer *Nancy* is to *Tar*—
More Brilliant in his Eyes,
Than polish'd Gold or Diamonds are,
Or *Sol*, that gilds the Skies.

XII.

In *Tar*, again, to *Nancy*'s Mind,
More Beauties do abound,
Than midſt the *Spicy Shrubs* we find,
Or on the *Flow'ry Ground*.

XIII.

Ah! *Hymen* haſten, why doſt thou
Thy *Silken Knot* forbear?
Thy Bleſſings thou canſt ne'er beſtow
On a more *Goodly Pair*.

XIV.

But *Fate* had ty'd up *Hymen*'s Hands;
For, fair the Winds do prove;
Honour to *India Tar* commands,
Honour! that Foe to Love.

XV. Thre

XV.

Three Times his Steeds had *Phœbus* drove
Through the bent *Zodiac*'s Bow,
And by his *rapid* Course, Above,
Made *Three long* Years Below.

XVI.

No Pleasure Wealth or Conquest yields
To *Tar*'s distracted Mind!
No Joy, in *Courts* or Verdant Fields,
Can absent *Nancy* find.

XVII.

When, lo! the Gods, who Lovers aid,
And gently fan their Flames,
To *Nancy*'s Ears the News convey'd,
That *Tar* had reach'd the *Thames*.

XVIII.

To *Whitehall Stairs*, all in great haſte,
The *Nymph* her Courſe does bend;
Greenwich and *Woolwich*, ſoon, are paſt,
She meets him at *Graveſend*.

XIX.

But ſtop, my *Muſe*! forbear to tell
The Meeting of them Twain;
My Eyes o'erflow, my Breaſt does ſwell;
They meet, to part again.

XX.

Hymen appear'd, when firſt, he ſaw
Bright *Nancy* at the Door;
But *Pluto* riſing, cry'd, Withdraw,
Your Tar ſhall be no more.

XXI.

With that the Fury *Febris* came,
(Her Eye-balls darting Fire)
And put *Tar*'s Blood all into Flame,
Of which he did expire.

1.

XXII.

Then, just as she her Lover lost,
Enrag'd, she snatch'd a Knife,
And, *Stabbing*, said, I'll not be cross'd;
My *Ghost* shall be his *Wife*.

2.

The TORY PLOT *Unravel'd.*

An excellent New BALLAD. To the Tune of *Which no Body can deny.*

1.

TO dethrone good King *George*, who the first of that Name,
To govern *Great-Britain*, from *Hanover* came,
The *Tories* did *Plot*, but paid dear for the same.
Which no Body can deny

2.

They carouſed and conſulted, they wrote and they rode,
Their Time, and their Pains, nay their Money be ſtow'd,
They hir'd Ships and Men; yet deny'd all, by G-
Which no Body can deny

3. Arm

3.

Arms, full forty Thousand, they hid under Ground,
Swore that there were none, tho' some of them
were found,
As they all wou'd ha' been, hadn't *Neyna* been drown'd,
Which no Body can deny.

7.

The fam'd Mr. *Fawks* half so dextrous at Tricks,
Never was as a *Tory* at Hieroglyphicks,
Who swears and forswears, and at nothing who sticks,
Which no Body can deny.

8.

Shew his Hand-writing to him, as plain as the Nose
That is on his Face, yet he swears and he vows,
It was wrote by his Fingers, no more than his Toes,
Which no Body can deny.

6.

Produce his own Signet, moſt clean and moſt neat,
May I periſh, he'll ſay, if this ben't Counterfeit,
How cou'd you contrive, Mr. *Whig*, ſuch a Cheat?
Which no Body can deny.

7.

His Treaſon in Cyphers, he declares a *Welſh* Song;
The *Key* to't's a *Cronaun* in the *Iriſh* Tongue;
For he's not one of thoſe, who his Country would
wrong,
Which no Body can deny.

8.

Confront him with one, who was of his own Gang,
With whom he both plotted, whor'd, cippled and
ſang,
Yet, if *he ever ſaw him*, he'll wiſh he may hang,
Which no Body can deny.

9.

Thus, till the *Report* and *Appendix* were shown;
They sneer'd and they laugh'd at the Plot, thro' the Town;
But, now, in the Mouth they are damnably down,
Which no Body can deny.

10.

The Plot then being visible, as is the Sun
At Noon-day, what think you now more will be done?
Why, you'll swing for't, dear *Tory*, as sure as a Gun,
Which no Body can deny.

The Second Part. *To the same Tune.*

Being an Answer to a Scandalous Song handed about to affront the H. of C---s *and the* Committee.

1.

A Physician and Parson together, once, got,
With a tatter'd-coat Poet, an old rhiming Sot,
In a Song, to disprove and to laugh off the Plot,
Which no Body can deny.

2.

But most dearly they paid for their Frolick, I think,
And much better they'd done, t'have done nothing but Drink,
For the Plot, more they damn'd, the much more it did stink,
Which no Body can deny.

3.

Having cramb'd all Night, on a few Rhimes they hit,
But without any Truth, any Meaning, or Wit;
For the Plotters and Poets are equally bit.
Which no Body can deny.

4.

By this Time they repent of their Mirth, I believe,
And despair of *Frank*'s Pardon, and *Layn*'s Reprieve;
And if they laugh now, it is but in their Sleeve,
Which no Body can deny.

5.

The *Report* a most masterly Piece is allow'd;
The *Appendix* of Witnesses is a great Cloud;
And with Power and Justice the *Lords* are endow'd,
Which no Body can deny.

6. To

6.

To convict these vile Plotters, Proofs open and plain
For a long Time, before both the Houses have lain,
And the Poets were Puppies to name *Harlequin*
Which no Body can deny.

7.

For the Dog prov'd *Frank* Guilty, tho' nought he
cou'd say
And when Plotters, for plotting, are punished; pray
Remember, that every *Dog* has his Day.
Which no Body can deny.

8.

Men, Women and Children; the Living, the Dead,
Things heard, and Things seen, and Things numberless read,
All make the Plot out; so no more to be said.
Which no Body can deny.

9.

To conclude; no more Witnesses need, yet, be found;
For four Plotters imprison'd, Two Hang'd (I'll be bound)
And Two banish'd will be; And One, you know's drown'd.
Which no Body can deny.

10.

The good Plot, I can tell you, besides, daily opes,
So that by next Session, we have greatest Hopes,
That many more of ye will meet Goals and Ropes,
At which the true Whigs will rejoice, rejoice.
At which the true Whigs will rejoice.

Triumphant SONG,

To the Tune of, Fill every Glaſs, *&c.*

I.

REjoice *Britannia,*
For, full many a
Monſter, thy darling *Knight* has ſlain.
Purg'd is the Venom of their Brain;
Damp'd is their drivling, ſcribling Strain;
Rejoice *Britannia,*
For, full many a
Monſter, thy darling Knight has ſlain.

II. Bolde

II.

Bolder and Bolder
Grew the *Freeholder*,
Till, bravely, Sir *James*, quite cut him down.
Cato then, next perplex'd the Town;
Cato! whilom of Fair Renown!
But then the Fierce Knight
Soon put him to Flight;
And kill'd him, and his Epitaph did write.

III.

Last came the *Dragon*,
Papist and Pagan,
The vilest of the many-headed Crew:
But the *Chevalier* at him flew,
And his Heart's-blood he fairly drew;
And felling down *Miss*,
Upon him he pi——t,
And gave him the parting-Blow with his Fist.

II.

ON A MICROSCOPE.

WOndrous Machine! which can by magick Light,
Mature an embryo Atome to the Sight.
Full to our View which can, in unform'd Clay,
An Inſect, working into Form, diſplay;
And thro' whoſe myſtick Power, a Gyant Size
Or does, or ſeems, from Miniature to riſe
See! Ripe in Mirrour, ſee! the Egg-Worm ſleep,
And, e'en his Shell is broke, proportion'd creep.
Parts, yet imperfect, now appear compleat;
Tho' mix'd, yet ſever'd; tho' minute, yet, great.

Hail mighty Cryſtal! whoſe moſt powerful Light,
To Order Chaos turns; to Day the Night.

Conſult the Glaſs, and ſee yon puny Flea;
Diſturber *Cynthia* of thy Dreams and Thee!
See! with what momtrous Port and ſtately Pride,
The Pigmy ſwells, and tempts an awker'd Stride;
See his *Proboſcis!* ſee his well-hing'd Thigh;
His Lobſter-Legs; and ſee his Eagle-Eye.

O *Microſcopia!* Goddeſs heavenly bright,
Which to an Angel's Ken has ſtrotch'd my Sight,
top not thy Bounty, but be ſtill more kind,
nlarge the Purlieu of my narrow Mind:
n Colours, plain, expoſe to Reaſon's Eye,
hat, yet, to Reaſon Nature does deny:
hat 'tis to think, teach my amazed Thought;
nd let, O! let me, *whence I came*, be taught;

Be

Be taught, *what am I?* Where, at Death, I go;
What *Spirits* do above; what Shades, below;
Open of future Scenes the hidden Doom;
Explain the present and the Things to come;
And then, in pious Hymns and grateful Lay,
O Goddess! I'll enshrine thy deathless Praise.